

# *The* **QUILL**



*April 1919*

10TH ANNIVERSARY

## The Supreme Sacrifice

CAPTAIN MEADE FRIERSON, JR., of Nashville, Tenn., a member of Oklahoma chapter, was killed in action in France, August 29, 1918, while on a reconnoitering expedition on the front with officers of his regiment, the 125th Infantry. With the colonel and three other officers Frierson was standing in a dangerous sector when a German shell knocked all of the men down. Frierson and another captain having been slightly wounded, the officers who were unhurt went back to the lines for a litter. While they were gone another shell killed the wounded officers, who were left in an exposed position.

Captain Frierson was a remarkably young officer. He was graduated from Vanderbilt University in 1915 when only 20 years old. It was during the next year, while acting as instructor in English in the University of Oklahoma, that he was elected an honorary member of the Oklahoma chapter. In the summer of 1916 he attended the Plattsburg training camp. Afterward he was city editor of the Columbia, Tenn., Herald, but re-entered military life in November, 1916, when he passed the West Point examinations and was commissioned a second lieutenant of cavalry in the regular army. He served under General Pershing in the Mexican expedition, trained for overseas service at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and was sent to France with the 125th Infantry in March, 1918. At the time of his death Captain Frierson had been recommended for promotion to major and also to receive the Distinguished Service Cross.

# THE QUILL

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## The "Morgue Man" and His Job

By Harry Pence

*Of the Reference Department of The Cincinnati Enquirer; Lately with The Detroit News.*

NEWSPAPER work is crowded with thankless jobs, but the prize of all is that of the "Morgue Man."

Usually, when he is not a boy, or a girl, or a woman, the Morgue Man has been tried out and found wanting as a reporter or copy-reader and has been shunted into his present position because he is somebody's relative, or for some other personal reason.

As a rule the Morgue Man is the only person about the place who does not know that, journalistically speaking, he is merely existing on sufferance. Nine out of ten Morgue Men are trying to break into the "live" end of the paper, and grumbling about the unfair discrimination that keeps them where they are.

For the benefit of those who don't know—newspaper men, as well as others—be it said that the Morgue Man is the man who runs, or is run by, the "Morgue," a dingy room, or out-of-the-way corner, that can't be otherwise utilized, where are stored—in pigeon-holes, file cases or just piled up loose—the pictures, cuts, clippings and manuscripts of and about persons, places and things likely, at any time, to figure in the news. A most invariably the location is undesirable and the disordered condition of the place forbidding of aspect. The curious public, who would rather enjoy an insight into its mysteries, are hurried by on the way to the composing room or the press room, while the staff at large, unless forced by circumstances into an acquaintance with the institution, remains calmly and contentedly indifferent to its advantages.

And why the name? The answer is simple, though its persistency is less easily explained. Before the days of photo-engraving only pictures of celebrities were published in the daily press and as books of reference were not so plentiful as now, the progressive editors procured biographical sketches, which were filed away with the pictures more or less systematically—a kind of "rogues' gallery" that didn't particularly specialize in rogues. As every prominent citizen was, and still is, certain to die sooner or later, these biographical sketches were called "obituaries," or "obits"—for short. It was, therefore, natural, not to say inevitable, that their storage-place should come to be known as the "Morgue." That's newspaper wit at its best; superficial, of course, but bright and popular because of its obvious fitness. There are newspaper publishers who deplore, and Morgue Men who resent, the use of the term. Vain regret! In another generation, perhaps. For the present the offensive title sticks and, in an article like this, must be used.

Though the Morgue is an old institu-

tion, the Morgue Man is a new and, as yet, not particularly welcome figure in newspaper circles. In the old days the city editor, or an assistant, with the aid of an office boy, filed the obits, and did what little else was to be done. When managing editors acquired stenographers, some attention to the Morgue sometimes became a part of the typist's duties. Occasionally a bright copy-boy was cajoled into taking an interest in the Morgue, but if he was really bright he soon discovered that doing so didn't get him anywhere to speak of, and so he deserted to the sports department, where record-keeping has long been a recognized and appreciated science, and for extra services rendered got passes to events worth seeing.

Finally, it dawned upon a few newspaper executives that the Morgue need not be so strictly mortuary; that its machinery could be employed for the gathering and preserving of a much wider variety of information of use on other occasions than funerals. It would seem that, having got thus far, they would have realized that here, if anywhere, was a field for the specialist. Instead, each undertook, in a few minutes snatched from the day's busy routine, to devise a system that could be operated by the person that could be most easily spared from the local staff or the copy-desk, the one outstanding rule seeming to be not to "bury in the Morgue" anyone who even promised to become a good reporter or copy-reader. The particularly desirable person was one who combined with Morgue work some other occupation that would give him a right to call himself by a less unpleasant name—and, more to the point, occupy his leisure time.

One day, nearly twenty years ago, the present writer was handed six keys and a job as Morgue Man on a big newspaper. He had to identify and label the keys first, and then to do the same thing with some fifty-odd thousand cuts, clippings and pictures filed in antiquated boxes in the cabinets the keys fitted. The managing editor remarked during the informal installation, that the task was not an arduous one; that he could easily do it himself, if more important things didn't engross his attention. From which it may be deducted that the position was not held in the highest esteem, nor did it carry with it a salary of income-tax proportions. The pill was sugar-coated, however, for this budding Morgue Man had literary aspirations, and though he was expected to keep the regular office hours, he was permitted to do features for the Sunday paper and any other outside work during his leisure moments. The only difficulty was the leisure moments. He soon came to feel like a thief

every time he devoted an hour to his own writings. For the most part he was so buried in work that he didn't know how to begin to go about relieving himself of the oppression of its volume. For ten years he lived in constant regret that it was humanly impossible for him, alone and unaided, to do a tithe of the things that obtruded themselves upon his attention and cried aloud to be done.

During that period he knew exactly what he would do with the million dollars everybody speculates upon; he'd create a real newspaper reference department, properly equipped and properly manned, and then he'd retire, enjoying the gratification of a worthy achievement more than the remnants of his fortune. Time modifies everything and experience has demonstrated that the upbuilding of such an institution requires, labor, patience, and brains, as well as money.

It is gratifying to record that the managing editor referred to endorses that proposition and that the Morgue Man referred to admits, very willingly, that the editor might, indeed, have done the stunt for himself, for he possesses the supreme qualifications that overcome all obstacles, but that he could only have done so at the cost of being a less conspicuous success in the field of newspaper management.

Aside from the impossible volume of work, that job, though it developed a natural aptitude into a positive fondness for it, had its disappointments and annoyances that would not be related here were they not also the lot of nearly every fellow-sufferer, laboring in a field the value and importance of which is seldom recognized; often belittled and certainly nowise aided by the oddity of its nomenclature. An airing of the grievances is undertaken because an understanding that they exist, and are grievances, will tend to remove them.

In the first place, in most offices where he exists at all even the copy-boys feel licensed to turn up their noses at the Morgue Man, and as for the lordly reporters—words fail! It takes an office a year to discover that a Morgue Man is human, and ten years to establish his status—if he lasts that long. During that decade he is beset on all sides by naggings and hecklings that try his soul. The various editors fly off the handle at him so often, and so reveal to him their short-comings and limitations, that he comes in time to feel sorry for them. They don't deserve the sympathy, of course, and would resent it, but the Morgue Man realizes that he must either forbear or commit murder.

What managing editor has not, at some time or other, railed at the poor Morgue

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Man for failure to produce, on demand, some picture or document never confided to his care? Does subsequent discovery of it elsewhere result in explanation, not to say apology? It does not. Nobody apologizes to a Morgue Man. And that oracle of journalistic wisdom, the news editor, whose daily grind is the one almost certain man-killing job on most big newspapers, what news editor has not torn his hair and screeched because, for instance, that special story which he distinctly remembers having printed week before last, was not clipped and filed? Does the discovery of the story in type in the unused overlay deter him from subsequent outbreak? It does not. And the sporting editor, many times and oft does he accuse the Morgue Man of mislaying and even misappropriating the precious portraits of pugilists and ball-players that admiring copy boys, or printers have purloined! And that photo the reporter promised to return and has lost—why need he worry? He can alibi on the Morgue Man.

Everybody can make mistakes with comparative impunity—everybody except the Morgue Man. With him a hundred hits do not excuse a single error or strike-out. He must bat and field out of all proportion to the rest of the establishment—or he is a dub. In the very nature of things the Morgue Man is the "fall guy," unless he takes the pains to build his alibis in advance, and even if he does the very first person he is likely to catch is the Boss, and of what use is an alibi against the Man Who Hires and Fires?

These and many other trials and tribulations darken the life of the Morgue Man as he struggles on, knowing better than anyone else how much of a failure he really is, but, as a rule, powerless to correct conditions, or to make the Boss see things with his eyes. But he is not a failure because of the rating of him by the editors with whom he is associated. It is only when he measures up his work by his own standards of what it ought to be that despair overcomes him. Then he either quits his job or makes the best compromise with it he can by forgetting all those things that ought to be done and concentrating upon those that it's possible for him to do. Upon the wisdom of his selection and the devotion to those limited activities depend his worthiness as a Morgue Man.

But no Morgue Man who is really worthy the name ever talks about his work as he is doing it. He can't really forget the constructive vision of an institution that could be his were he given equipment, help and encouragement. That is why there ought to be a convention of Morgue Men; and it would be both a philanthropy and good business on the part of the publishers to bring about such a meeting. There is little chance for it, however, for the publishers will not finance it and—surest thing you know—the Morgue Men can't. The first would be a failure, anyway, for between the novelty of being taken seriously and the anxiety about that job back home, most of the Morgue Men would be so disconcerted that their poor brains would not function normally till long after the sessions were over. The second would be a hum-dinger—but as the first is scarcely a remote possibility, speculation upon the second is optimism unbecoming a practical Morgue Man. Still, somebody ought to make out a case for the Morgue Man and such is the intent of the present effort.

This particular Morgue Man who undertakes the championship of the cause of his fellows, feels that in so doing he is

but performing a duty. A miracle has happened to him, and he believes that telling about it may inspire repetitions of the miracle. He has, it will be recalled, confessed to a fondness for the work. He would rather build up and direct the kind of a newspaper reference department he believes in than to be the editor-in-chief of any newspaper in the world. Not so very long ago a big paper, moving into its big, new home, said to be the most modern plant of its kind in the world, set aside nearly 5,000 square feet of floor space, filled that space with more than that many dollars' worth of specially designed equipment, ordered the raw materials in profusion, engaged a staff of workers, and said to the man who is fond of that kind of work, "Here is your workshop; the rest is up to you."

And the function of this workshop? It is to create an encyclopedia of universal, current, up-to-the-hour information, so arranged and so maintained that any detail on any live subject is always readily accessible. Complete success is, of course, impossible, but results so far achieved give rise to the conviction that the original investment and the cost of maintenance are more than justified.

Having had this experience, it is only natural that one should want to encourage others to hope and work for the establishment of similar institutions everywhere. Perhaps not many newspapers could be induced to make the same expensive experiment, but it is possible for nearly all of them to improve matters by encouraging their Morgue Men in the achievement of better results. In the first place, if he will react to the suggestion, give him a little leeway. The average Morgue Man is only supposed to file, file, FILE. stuff from his own paper and stuff that is sent to him. He is not supposed to manifest any initiative. That eloquent and ambitious young Congressman who has disclosed his determination to displace one of the august fixtures of the United States Senate, that governor of a not very distant state whose earlier career is now being investigated, and may bring about his removal, that captain of industry who has just delivered himself of economic statements astounding and distressing to his self-satisfied associates—the fact that there may be little or nothing concerning them in the files is not supposed to reflect discredit upon the Morgue Man, but he knows that with a little foresight and enterprise much interesting data about them and many others could have been procured. He knows that, were he afforded a helper to lift a little of the routine labor from his hands and mind, he could anticipate and prepare for at least the announced, scheduled and regularly recurring events. Nobody else does, so why shouldn't he not only be permitted, but encouraged to do so?

And the "exchanges"—how the Morgue Man yearns to pore over them! Of course he can't get time, and besides, there's journalistic courtesy to be considered, but why doesn't the exchange editor help him out? Does the exchange editor take the same view of the matter? Foolish question. His settled conviction usually is that the Morgue Man—like all his ilk—is a nut. If not, why a Morgue Man? Q. E. D. But this issue of the exchanges ought to be pressed to the deadly finish.

A wealth of matter is thrown away every day in most newspaper offices and newspapers frequently buy, pay tolls on and correspondence fees for, articles that are but paraphrases of official reports and documents that have passed through the office and been thrown away. Most any Morgue Man could preach a sermon

on this subject. He doesn't like to see the Sunday editor run an old one; he would rather the editorial writer had consulted him before he founded an argument upon unauthentic statistics, when the really reliable data is in the office; he is sorry when the editors overlook the big points of stories because they are not familiar with the histories of the persons and places that figure in them, but he has to be very circumspect about calling attention to such instances, for editors are also human; and professional dignity is no myth.

Ever hear editors declare that, now, more than ever before, and increasingly, news should be interpreted in the light of what has preceded it? They believe it, but they rely too much upon that variable and inconstant thing called Memory. And right at hand are the most wonderful volumes of current local and general history—vast stores of information nowhere else obtainable, the bound, permanent files of the paper itself. What newspaper man does not recognize their value—and dread the necessity of referring to them? Could any books be more unwieldy and more successfully concealed the information they contain? Everybody about a newspaper has long realized this but the Morgue Man is the pioneer in the movement to correct the defect. He regards it as part of his job to open up this great storehouse and, if aided and encouraged, would make so simple and comprehensive an index of their contents that even excited editors could find what they wanted without losing their temper.

These and other things the Morgue Man would like to do. He realizes that he might be a failure in the job of any other man on the paper, but he feels that it is his business to help everyone else fill his own job better, only the Morgue Man feels that it's the other fellow's move, as he has more to gain and less to lose by the contact.

### Prof. Phil Bing Dies of Influenza

PROF. PHIL CARLETON BING (Wisconsin honorary) assistant professor of journalism at the University of Minnesota, died of influenza at Minneapolis, Feb. 24.

Professor Bing was a graduate of Marietta college and had pursued graduate study at the University of Chicago and Oxford University. Previous to his going to Wisconsin in the fall of 1916, he was an instructor in English at the University of Utah for three years. While an instructor in journalism at Wisconsin in the year 1916-17, he took graduate courses in journalism and carried on research on the problem of the country newspaper, receiving his M. A. degree in June, 1917. He was elected an honorary member of Wisconsin chapter of Sigma Delta Chi in April, 1917. At the close of that year he accepted a position as assistant professor of journalism at Minnesota, a place he held at the time of his death.

While at Wisconsin he wrote a textbook on the country newspaper and its problems, entitled "The Country Weekly," the first extensive treatment of the subject. The beginning of his newspaper experience was in a country weekly office in his home town, Maynard, Ia. Later he wrote editorials for the Hamilton, Ohio, Republican, while engaged as teacher of English in the high school there.

# Daylight Journalism

By M. H. Hedges (DePauw)

*Literary Editor, The American Magazine of Poetry; Professor of English, Beloit College*

UP THERE is the Fourth Estate," said a member of the States General over a century ago, pointing to the gallery where sat some one hundred and thirty Paris journalists, and he did not forget the momentous fact that into the newly created French national assembly the Third Estate had just been incorporated.

Experience had taught the assemblyman that truth. Before the revolution, Louis XVI. was not an unchecked tyrant. One of his ministers spoke of public opinion as "an invisible power which, without treasury, guards or army ruled Paris and the court—yes, the very palace of the king." From the moment that the journals of Paris and of the realm acquired such power, we may date the birth of the modern newspaper.

In the century following the newspaper was considered the organ of public opinion, and public opinion the dictating power in a democracy. Under that concept society is for the most part still operating.

But times change. Our own troubled era, with its discordant voices, suggests that concepts change with the times, practices with the concepts, institutions with the practices, and newspapers with institutions.

At the risk of being banal let me chronicle briefly the changes in the public press. The most obvious one is usually noted as the decay of the editorial and the disappearance of the editor. Such marked examples of personal influence in journalism as Watterson and even Keeley are anachronisms; in their place appears the solid front—blind like the facade of an armory—of a corporation.

In a city of the third grade I have seen only three leaders, in the editorial columns of the only newspaper, which in any way touched upon local affairs, or aimed at affecting public opinion in that community, and that in a period of five years. The editorial page is "syndicated stuff" as blind and colorless as a slate. There are pretty, seasonal editorials on falling leaves and tinging fruits, or bold, trite, exhortatory paragraphs on obsolete themes such as "personal initiative wins success." With the three exceptions mentioned no effort is made to express an opinion on a question filling the public mind.

And yet that newspaper affects and shapes public opinion. By what methods is well known. The decay of the editorial does not mean the passing of the newspaper as an organ of public opinion. Scare heads enable newspapers to evaluate news. Evaluation of news is only a more subtle way of controlling public opinion; and in evaluating news to the point of excluding what is "objectionable"—in the judgment of the owner—we have the chiefest instrument of shaping opinion. It is a truth bordering on platitude that it is not what newspapers print but what they don't print which determines what the public shall think.

In a not far-distant city a citizen whose tax in 1918 was paid on an income of \$100,000 in excess of the income of 1917, bought five hundred dollars worth of liberty bonds, but no reference nor veiled allusion was made of this

default in the newspapers. Reference was made to slackers on the farms and in the factories. In the same city, a physician asked the newspapers to show that tenements were foci from which the influenza epidemic spread, and was refused.

In short, following the tradition begun during the French Revolution, one may still define the newspaper as an organ of public opinion, and be telling the truth, but not the whole truth. There remains in that proposition an undefined phrase. What is public opinion? Opinion of what public?

Newspapers are sensitive to currents of opinion the circulation of which is not confined to the great mass of readers. One marked difference between the press of the past and the press of today is measured by the great degree of remoteness of today's paper from the great mass of its constituency. This can be indicated in no better way than by mention of recent election results in the great cities. William Hale Thompson, abused by every daily newspaper in Chicago, won a decisive victory in the recent Republican primary; and candidates opposed by the metropolitan press in New York, Milwaukee and Minneapolis have not long since been selected by the people for the chief municipal office. Note along with this the present wave of pamphleteering. There are other channels than the press through which to reach the public, and surely the press can not be entirely complacent in the face of these facts.

As a result of estrangement from the will of its readers, the established press is faced with new competitors. At different points in the northwest, new papers, more sensitive to greater masses of opinion, are being established. The Capital Times at Madison, Wisconsin, espousing the cause of Unionism, has passed in one year from a struggling secondary paper of 3,000 circulation to the leading paper in the capital with close to 12,000 circulation. It boldly advertises that it has no obligation to stockholder or advertiser which would forbid it expressing any opinion which it holds right and reasonable. In two other cities of Wisconsin, the Equity League has established papers which serve a great constituency. What is happening farther west under the auspices of the Non-partisan League is told by Professor John Gillette.

"The founders of the league thoroughly distrusted the press of the country. How could farmers do anything to improve their condition politically when they could not get the truth? The remedy? A set of newspapers owned and operated by the league . . . In 1915 The Non-partisan Leader was established at Fargo. When the headquarters of the league were moved to St. Paul in 1917, that publication was established there. Since the movement had gone into other states than North Dakota other papers were thought necessary; hence came The North Dakota Leader, and Minnesota Leader and other state papers in South Dakota, Montana, Colorado and Idaho. Besides these papers there have been a large number of country papers established, about forty-five in North Dakota and some thirty in other states, and the Northwest Service,

the league agency to promote the establishment of such papers, is ready to establish some twenty others."

It must be noted that many opposing newspapers, notably The Chicago Tribune, have accused these new organs of public opinion of class-consciousness, forgetting that their own large subscription lists do not necessarily mean faithful reflection of the opinions of their constituency.

American citizens must see that in a nation as large and as diverse as ours, no paper can be an organ of public opinion in the sense of serving the opinion of the whole people. Henceforth every newspaper must be considered an organ of propaganda; the venerable Evening Post, and the "world's greatest" as well as the fresh water parvenu must be considered channels for the expression of propaganda. For what is propaganda but political opinion in which an opponent does not believe? It is analogous to superstition. Superstition is nothing more or less than a religion in which one does not happen to believe. It has fallen into desuetude only for him who believes not, not for him who takes it to his soul with unctious. Similarly political theory or economic opinion is propaganda the minute it crosses individual prejudice or conviction. But what the liberal is anxious to know is why the term propaganda should be limited in application merely to liberal or radical opinion? Hasn't there been, the liberal asks, a circuit highly charged and facilely functioning of conservative propaganda in this country?

When one sees that, in a highly complex society like ours, news and opinion must represent class or political interests of some kind, one can not be blind to the toxic state which conditions manifest. It is not that it is pernicious that one newspaper is owned by a financier, or that another is backed by organized labor, but it is pernicious that one or the other paper should arrogate to itself the virtue of serving public opinion when it serves only the opinion of its public. After stupidity the greatest foe to democracy is hypocrisy. When propaganda is frankly acknowledged as the opinion of a faction it becomes only a kind of representative in the invisible assembly of the people, and as such deserves to be heard in a commonwealth which boasts itself a democracy, even if it be the voice of a minority.

Perhaps just now we should be interested in change; the hygiene of journalism let us call it. A cure may be affected by frankness. To force frankness must have been the legislation of a few years ago which provided for the publication of the names of all editors and stockholders. It did not fully act as a corrective. Only a more sensitive understanding of the part newspapers play in the lives of the great mass of men, on the part of the mass itself, will democratize the press.

Or newspapers may liberalize themselves to the degree of allowing all kinds of opinion to appear in their columns—the pro and con of mooted questions. Is it not possible for a newspaper to publish Eugene Debs' political theories along side of those of John D. Rockefeller, Jr?

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# Service of the Small Town Newspaper

By Norman H. Hill (Michigan)

Editor, *The Evening News, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.*

WHEN THE WRITER was at college he belonged to a little group which had as its actuating principle the inculcation into its members of the idea of service. It was believed by its founders that too many college men spent four years rah-rah-ing about the dear old campus, or, on the other extreme, devoting ninety-nine per cent of their time to study. Both sorts, and also those who more nearly balanced work and recreation, graduated by hundreds and thousands yearly, missing the greatest thing a liberal education, rightly absorbed, really gives. This thing is nothing more nor less than the belief that, after all, what we are spending our few brief years on the good old earth for is to be of real service to society.

In our great university we saw lawyers go out into the larger affairs of life knowing nothing but law; young doctors strutting forth without the slightest conception of politics, sociology, the latest trend in economic thought; engineer graduates knowing much of the technical stress and strain of their profession, but nothing of the stress and strain of society; students of "literature, science and the arts" with a hodge podge of mis-assorted information gathered in the catch-as-catch-can manner so typical of our "system" of elastic curricula and nothing much else; prospective journalists who knew there was no rubber type in use on the big dailies, but had not the remotest idea of what part the newspaper is really called upon and in duty bound to play in the serious life of its community, etc., etc., etc.

The idea of this little group of college students was to bring together a few men from all departments for the discussion of social topics, any old topic under the sun that concerned people, really, and the big idea being to send the doctor, lawyer, engineer, newspaper man, business man, into the world with a true conception of his duty outside the narrow limits of his craft or profession or work.

The same spirit that made me an enthusiastic member of the little college group made me find decided interest in newspaper work, and made me jump at the chance, when the opportunity came, to take over the active management of a small city daily. And during the four years of my connection with that daily I have had abundant opportunities to put my theories into action, and I have found, especially during the last year and a half, that the idea of service, social service, if you please, is the actuating impulse among hundreds of our most active citizens, men and women, today.

The editor and manager of a small city paper, who also oversees the publication of a weekly paper having a circulation almost entirely in the rural district of a single county, must perforce keep in close touch with the people, must be broad, must be fair, must play no favorites, and must, most of all, come to a realization of the fact that "all is not news that glitters." Mr. Hearst may be as yellow as he pleases—we leave it to you to judge whether he gets away with it or not—but yellow journalism is decidedly out of place in the small town and the country districts. Not up-to-

date news-gathering. But take it from one who knows—the editor who is personally acquainted with hundreds of persons in his city of 15,000 and held personally responsible for everything that goes into the paper by every last one of the 30,000 residents of his county, is not going to break blithely into print with sensational stuff that won't hold water. On the other hand, the editor who amounts to anything is going to come right out in meeting with the truth about conditions as he finds them in his community.

The writer has had the distinct satisfaction of aiding materially in ridding his city of one of its most baneful influences—a moral leper who belonged to half a dozen lodges and has always been a good fellow, with influential connections. There was storm raised when he was shown up in the paper. He kept a store. His advertising ceased. When he hinted that it might be resumed "under certain conditions," he was told that his name in display type would be seen only in the headlines announcing his departure for jail or "parts unknown," but would not be tolerated in the advertising columns under any conditions. He sold his business and left town and his successor is a decent citizen, who, incidentally, is a good advertiser.

The churches, the Boy Scouts, better city government, good roads, and, of course, during the war, Liberty Loans, War Savings Stamps, etc., we have boosted to beat the band. The paper not long ago helped the local Episcopal church to raise its debt of \$18,000 and gather in several thousand additional. Scores of contributions were made by non-members of the parish, many of them former residents of the city who still subscribe to the paper. The raising of this debt, according to the committee, was made possible, within the space of three weeks, only because the paper backed the movement. Same for the Liberty loans. The paper started, hampered on, and accomplished the organization of the War Relief Association, which secured \$100,000 without a single "drive" and met all calls easily. The paper has helped to rid the Commercial Club of a load of distrust and make the people see it is not a business club for businessmen only, but a force working for the good of the entire community.

But sufficient tooting of the editorial horn. These things are mentioned only to show that the small town editor, who has the idea of service strongly implanted in his make-up, has ample opportunity to serve. As for the rewards, the doing of these things is reward enough. In fact, I sometimes feel it a distinct compliment when, after the loan has gone over the proverbial top, or the debt has been raised, and the bouquets are being handed around, the speaker of the occasion forgets the newspaper altogether! It shows that the paper is taken for granted.

"Of course, the paper deserves credit," said the chairman of the Auto Show committee here several years ago, "but I almost forgot it. In a sense the paper deserves all the credit, but why mention the obvious? It's like acknowledging

the helpfulness of the air we breathe." And that's a fine thing to hear.

You will, perhaps, have gained the impression that I am trying to indicate a few of the things a man is up against when he is engaged in journalism in a minor league town. Right. Well, he's up against a lot of good, solid work of the most definite sort. His mechanical equipment is susceptible of so much improvement, usually, that he always has the satisfaction of dreaming about the day when he will supplant the flat bed with a rotary, the old single magazine machines with quick change ones, and hand feeders in his job room with machine feeders. He is usually up against a shortage in help, and has on occasion to do everything from sweep out the office to run the mailer, leaving the writing of the next day's editorials until the important and absolutely necessary task of getting today's paper to its readers is accomplished. But when he boards the street car and gets some encouraging words from the conductor about his lead editorial of the day before; when the parents of a soldier just landed in New York come all the way downtown to thank him for calling them up on receipt of an A. P. dispatch saying the boy has arrived from overseas; when the circulation department shows a gain of twenty-five per cent in three months; when there is more advertising than can be handled without taxing the capacity of the ad alley beyond the limit—then the editor-manager-office-boy-reporter-jack-of-all-trades, reaps his reward.

One of these days the paper in which the writer is most vitally interested is going to get a new building, with modernity personified throughout (mayhap even have an editorial secretary to "write it up," who knows?) Then he can see his way safely to a whole new era of accomplishment. But now the rewards of every day are sufficient, and his Saturday night participation in the auction tournament at the club is not marred by the feeling that the goal has been reached. He knows full well that he will be right on the old job Monday with a thousand ventures ahead, and that he can make everyone of them realities in time, and have a mighty good time doing it, if he doesn't forget the old maxim of service first. It pays in many ways, substantial and of the sort that are more lasting.

## Two Universities Want Convention

OKLAHOMA and Miami have entered the contest for the National Convention of the fraternity early next year. The convention date has tentatively been set for the Christmas holidays, but Oklahoma suggests November "in the heart of the football season" when the school might be seen to a better advantage and the delegates better entertained. Other applications for the convention should be mailed to the national secretary.

# A Journalistic Claim Worth Staking

By Wellington Brink (Kansas State)

Editor, Texas Agricultural Experiment Station

"Once let a feller git in tune  
With all outdoors, there hain't no use  
For him to think he kin forget,  
Or from the wild's big ways jar  
loose.  
He's always thinkin' 'bout them  
nights—  
Jes' listen now, and hear him sigh,  
A-dreamin' of an old tarp bed,  
And sleepin' out beneath the sky.

"There hain't no bunk in any house,  
That to the warm earth kin compare;  
She's sort o' kind and comfortin',  
And gives you strength as you lie  
there.  
And then, besides, you gulp all 'night  
The clean, sweet air; and in the morn  
There hain't a doubt or fear but what  
Your rested soul jes' laughs to  
scorn."

THERE IS SOMETHING in lying on one's back in God's best guest-room and gazing up at the myriad of twinkling lights that point His vaulted ceiling, that is conducive to soul-stirring, in the heart of the writer as in the heart of the most unread cowboy. Lots of us privileged westerners know that. George Pattullo knows that. George Pattullo also knows that there is something in Mrs. Brinnell's hot cakes and corn bread and coffee and—oh, well, what's the use? Anyway, George Pattullo knows that he wrote some of his most virile stuff while he was spending those delightful days at the "White House" on the Swenson Ranch, near Spur, Texas. I know he must know it, for I stayed there myself one night not long ago. I mean to go back sometime. It is a common saying among the few fortunate ones from the craven outside world who have sojourned at the "old headquarters" of the big land company that "a night do pass the quickest there."

In a corner of the cozy little sitting room of the "White House" is a friendly fireplace. And when Kansas sends down one of her not infrequent northers, a bit of blaze sent up the brick chimney is better than a journalism class for "teaching the young idea to shoot." Larry Chittenden, the "poet ranchman," did some of his best work before this very hearth. His famous "Cowboys' Christmas Ball" itself may have been written here, for all I know.

## Remember?

"The leader was a feller that came  
from Swenson's Ranch,  
They called him 'Windy Billy,' of  
'Little Deadman's Branch.'  
His rig was 'kinder keerless,' big spurs  
and high-heeled boots;  
He had the reputation that comes  
when 'fellers shoots.'  
His voice was like a bugle upon the  
mountain's height;  
His feet were animated and a mighty  
movin' sight,  
When he commenced to holler, 'Neow,  
fellers, stake yer pen!  
Lock horns ter all them heifers, an'  
russel 'em like men.  
Kaloot yer lovely critters; neow swing  
an' let 'em go,  
Climb the grapevine 'round 'em—all  
hands do-ce-do!  
You mavericks, fine the round-up—  
just skip her waterfall.'  
Huh! Hit wuz gettin' happy, 'The  
Cowboys' Christmas Ball!'"

The square dance may be obsolete elsewhere, but here it still maintains its lead over the modern one-step and fox-trot and badger-hop. That's one of the fine characteristics of the great Southwest—clinging to that which it thinks is good, come fad, come fashion. It has a mind of its own.

Talk to "Scandalous John" Selman—typical of the best of Texas cowboys—and you'll wish you could write cowboy stuff, whether you can or not. "Scandalous John" has a two-year-old boy, whom he has named, on no more than a "hunch," Mary Sawdust. John Selman is one of the best riders in the West. The first day he came to the Swenson ranch his mount was "cut out" to him and his attention called to an unusually bad horse, which John proceeded to "try out." The horse "went out of his head" and "got him a man." As John got up off the ground and started for his horse, he exclaimed, "My! but didn't he pitch scandalous." Someone said, "Go to him, Scandalous John." The name stuck. John is very modest—in fact, he is inclined to belittle his real worth and speaks of his wife as "that widow woman." The cowboys, though, call Mrs. Selman, "Mrs. Scandalous."

To be able to write effective ranch stories one must be familiar with "a leggins case," "a bronc," "an outlaw," "a Sunday hoss," "a camp," "a starve out," "a pinnacle," "a sleeper," "the dog house," and all the rest of the lingo. But to be able to gather local color and viewpoint for publicity for an agricultural experiment substation located at Spur, a simple visit is all that is necessary. The publicity will write itself.

Not long ago I attended a meeting of the Texas Honey Producers' Association at San Antonio. San Antonio, you know, is of Spanish origin and is one of the oldest cities in the country, as well as one of the most interesting, historically. To begin with, I was strongly reminded of Galveston, because of the palms and oleanders and other sub-tropical plants. The streets are narrow and crooked, which is surprising, considering the comparatively level and unrestricted site of the city, until one reflects that they have developed from the streets of the little Mexican villages laid out haphazardly long years ago on the brakes. Sometimes the streetcars, often single-track affairs, fairly brush the trees along the sidewalks. This is descriptive only of the older sections. The business district is modern. The San Antonio River winds back and forth across the town.

Every stranger, of course, asks first to be shown the heroic Alamo, where fought the illustrious Crockett and Bowie. Then he inquires for the other old missions built at the beginning of the eighteenth century. But sometimes he misses some of the most interesting things, such as the Buckhorn Saloon and those Mexican dinners.

"Near-beers" are the nearest to the old drinks now being served at the Buckhorn. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been spent in furnishing the walls and ceilings of this establishment with what has been rated by the Smithsonian Institute as being one of the finest collections of heads and horns in the world. The lighting effects are wonderful. Designs fashioned from rattlesnake rattles adorn the place. During the war the Buckhorn was one of the most popular hang-outs in the United States for soldiers.

And the Old Original Mexican Restaurant! Say, if you like the hot, the spicy, the tasty, go there! Listen, while your

mouth waters: Chili con carne, enchiladas, chili con queso, ensalada de aguacate, frijoles, sopa de arroz, tamales con salsa, enchiladas con huevas, huevas con chili, huevas rancheros, tortillas de maiz, chiles rellenos. Hot as blazes! Some of the many advantages of being a publicity writer in the incomparable Southwest, with a moderately sufficient fund for traveling.

I should like to take you with me for a few moments to the southern part of Texas—the land of the noble grapefruit and satsuma orange and kumquat and honey. But time and space limitations signal "go on."

Over in Jasper and Jefferson counties is the Big Thicket, where roam the wildcat and panther and bear and deer. Down on the Gulf coast is fishing for the "big uns," and in the tributaries to the Big Salty there are trout. But we can't go big game hunting, or fishing on this trip. Neither can we brave the gallinippers—a term for pound-size mosquitoes—of the coastal swamps, to get at the wild ducks which feed in the rice fields by the thousands.

I wish we might all pile into the valiant little Ford and take a comradely spin over to El Paso, a little distance of 700 miles.

I should like some sunrise time to carry you with me up the slope of the immutable cap rock to the flat table land of the Llano Estacado, in the lower Panhandle, from where we could look back across a vista of miniature mountains, cut by the water of the upper Brazos River—the whole bathed in the witchery of the plush loveliness of the cattle country.

And, finally, if we were to make our pleasures complete, I have in mind a little town typical of the eastern part of the Lone Star State, where we surely ought to call. The town is one of the oldest in the state, and studded with imposing Southern mansions, set far back on lawns shaded by giant oaks and bordered with pretty flower beds. A walk through the streets means a literal up and down journey, for the entire town is a matter of hills and valleys, board walks and bridges. Aristocracy abounds. In the country round about, the rampant ox team still does the work of the modern tractor and the erstwhile modern horse or mule.

All of this is by way of impressing my fellow journalists with the fact that were Horace Greeley alive today he would urge, "Go Southwest, young man, go Southwest!" I also wish to lay claim to having the ideal laboratory for writing work. The experiment station system for which I am editor and publicist has thirteen sub-stations nicely distributed over Texas. When I feel like writing goat stuff, I buy my ticket for Sonora—one hundred miles from a railroad. When I find my palate pining for a taste of fresh citrus fruits, I hie me to Beeville. When rice is on my mind, I hurry off to Beaumont. When I wish impressed on my intellect the necessity of good roads, I—well, I may go to any one of several places. And so on.

Was ever commonwealth so rich in resources, in diversity of climate, in historical interest, in picturesqueness, in

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# Books the Journalist Ought to Know

## *My Own Story*

ONLY a pulseless creature could read the first chapter of Fremont Older's "My Own Story" and stop short of the end of the book. Not in the entire range of literature on journalism in America is there a volume so appalling, so thrilling, so gripping; not a book, nor a chapter of a book, which so sets the blood coursing in one's cheeks with alternate shame and pride; not a book that so challenges credulity and yet carries conviction by the very baldness of its confessions and the defiant air of its author.

The newspaper man who reads this book needs to know American journalism well to be able to face the layman with an answer to its seeming indictment of the entire profession; more than that, he must know his civics, his sociology, his economics, his history, particularly of American municipalities. And he must know the unknowable—the heart of Fremont Older—to be sure that he is right, when all is said and done. Would that R. A. Crothers, or Abe Ruef, or, best of all, Older himself, were to be the reviewer of this frenzied chronicle of Pacific Coast corruption and idealism.

Older wastes no words in setting before his reader the man he was when, twenty-four years ago, he undertook to be managing editor of a wretchedly run-down newspaper, *The San Francisco Bulletin*. It had about 9,000 circulation, little advertising, and was losing \$3,000 a month. Crothers had just bought it. "As I remember," says Older, "at that time I had no ideals whatever about life, and no enthusiasm beyond newspaper success. . . . Neither Crothers nor myself had any other view in the beginning than to make the paper succeed financially." And it had to make money quickly because its capital was worse than meager. "I was ruthless in my ambition," he continues. "My one desire was to stimulate the circulation, to develop stories that would catch the attention of readers, no matter what was the character of the stories. They might make people suffer, might wound or utterly ruin someone; that made no difference to me, it was not even in my mind. I cared only for results, for success to the paper and to myself."

A good foundation, one must admit, for the subsequent tale which includes the boldest possible charges against the man who for more than twenty years employed him; a story of the sale of editorial policy; of the compromising of his character in every conceivable manner; of his merciless combating of foes and shameful double-crossing of friends; of his growing eagerness to have his hands clean that he might be freer to fight whatever person or thing dared enter the lists against him or his paper; of the awakening of conscience and its gradual gaining of dominion over as sorry a soul as one could dream of finding in an editorial sanctum.

Unfortunately, the book is, in the large, confined to two subjects: the famous graft prosecution in San Francisco which terminated in the conviction and imprisonment of Abe Ruef, and Older's experiences in attempting the reformation of ex-convicts.

The relation between the two themes is not so obscure. Older put Abe Ruef in prison, after pitiless persecution; then

he right about faced and fought as lustily to get him out. Why? Because he saw the error of punishing a single malefactor, unfairly convicted even though guilty, especially when the offender was—here the dawning spirit of charity—a victim of circumstances and environment. Frisco laughed or sneered or scowled its disbelief. But out of his successful struggle to free Ruef grew his interest in other convicts, ranging from first offenders to the most pronounced recidivists. Donald Lowrie was one, and his famous book "My Life in Prison" was one of the early products of Older's new passion. It ran, followed by many other such stories, in *The Bulletin*.

The regret expressed that Older's story should be so restricted in subject matter is due to a consciousness that he has but given a thumbnail sketch of the activities of his lifetime; that he has only suggested what he might, if he would, tell; that even as he wrote, he was engaged in a battle for the freedom of Tom Mooney which must in itself be a test of the sincerity—or, sincerity conceded, the accuracy—of his declaration of conversion. It is said that his defense of Mooney is in itself evidence of his complete change of character from the man who fought so viciously when Ruef's freedom was at stake. It is also said that, in this campaign, he has been as cruel, as vindictive, as brutal in his treatment of the opposition as in the day when he swung his mace in company with Heney and Burns.

There are amusing elements in the history of this expose. *The Bulletin* belated its rather impotent rage, and weakly raised the question of "professional ethics." It held that he was revealing information which came to him in his confidential capacity as managing editor of *The Bulletin*. He was assaulted in the street by District Attorney Fickert, who was being unpleasantly handled not alone in the book but in connection with the Mooney case.

But one element that is not amusing has to do with cynical comment upon the ownership of *The Call*. The merger of *The Call* and *The Post* is said to have been backed by Hearst, DeYoung of *The Chronicle*, J. D. Spreckles and F. W. Kellogg of *The Call*. Now Kellogg has been retired from the office of publisher. Just what is back of this queer coalition of publishers? Peace in a city of newspaper wars, of class hatred, of civic shame, it is said, by those involved. Older declares he was engaged with the specific guarantee of freedom as the editor to say and do as he pleases, let squeal who will. Older in chains was a terror; what would Older free be?

## *In the Heart of a Fool*

THE REVIEWER obtained a copy of William Allen White's latest novel, first, because it was by Mr. White, and second, because he supposed it to be a story built round a humble country editor, such as Fate might decree he should one day be. Fortunately the first reason was a sufficient one, for while Amos Adams and the spirits he invokes figure conspicuously in the volume, they do not motivate the story, and the office of *The Harvey Tribune* is nothing more than a colorful setting for incidental scenes in a homely drama of too vast proportions.

"This story," says Mr. White, with kindly defiance midway of the telling, "first of all, and last of all, is a love story. . . . It is reasonably just . . . to judge a man, a nation, a race, a civilization, an era, by its love affairs. So a book that would tell of life, that would paint the manners of men, and thus show their hearts, must be a love story. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,' runs the proverb, and, mind you, it says heart—not head, not mind, but heart; as a man thinketh in his heart, in that part of his nature where reside his altruistic emotions—so is he. . . . And whatever worth this story holds must come from its value as a love story."

Not every writer so freely establishes the standards whereby he chooses to be judged. Happily so, for critics are already too pugnacious a lot. Mr. White shall, in this instance, not have his way. "In the Heart of a Fool" (Macmillan) is an important book, not because it touches human hearts with its intermingled love tales, glorious and inglorious; not because it depicts skillfully, if not artfully, the development of the soul and the body of a typical prairie town; not because it essays to reveal basic conflicts in our economic and social organization; not for any of these reasons. It is important because it has, in its growth, molded the mind of a great editor; made him determine his own philosophy and express it more clearly than ever before; made him open wide his heart and his mind—his clean heart and his clear mind—generously to all men. Whether he sit in grave council on an isle in the Sea of Marmora or in a modest office in Emporia, henceforth we know William Allen White for what he is—the full-voiced American journalist of quickened social conscience.

This is as much as to say, flatly, that Mr. White's love story amounts to relatively little. It might have been a better book, were it a worse one; it might have been a great novel had not a great preacher persistently intruded; but there are many to write novels, and few to challenge the heart of man, foolish or wise. It is much better that the author should have done his book as he did than that he should have outstripped the creator of "A Certain Rich Man," or "In Our Town."

Of course, Mr. White is no man to waste 615 pages. His reportorial instinct is too strong, and he has too much to tell of life as he has come to know it. So, in this "fable of Grant Adams' triumphant failure" he has gone, it seems to this reader, into the very heart of individualistic society to prove "the steady triumph in our American life of the spirit of justice, of fellowship, over the spirit of greed." He has written, as the flippant, superficial feature writer never dreamed of writing, the myriad little dramas of a town of seeming placidity. Beneath the calm surface of Harvey's ordered existence he has found the ferment, and warned of its inevitable disturbance of all that we call society. And he has preached through the ouija board through the editorial utterances and the neighborly musings of Grant Adams' father, through the platform oratory of this tousle-headed labor agitator, through every available medium of expression, the stupidity of repressive measures as

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# News of the Breadwinners

**ROBERT C. LOWRY**, National President of Sigma Delta Chi, and **Oren M. Lowry**, his brother, have established the firm of Lowry & Lowry, publicity experts, at 515 Slaughter Bldg., Dallas, Tex. Both are members of Purdue chapter, and both were recently discharged from the army. Robert Lowry went in as a "shave tail" and came out with a commission as major in the Reserve Corps. Oren started as a private, enlisting, and came out with a captain's commission. Their firm is handling publicity for all kinds of campaigns. They organized, for example, the Jewish War Relief Fund Drive and raised \$500,000 in three weeks. Now they are handling a bond issue campaign in Dallas County for \$6,500,000 for good roads.

**Donald D. Davis** (Kansas) is with the Hugh-Stephens Printing Co. of Jefferson City, Mo. He was in the army, doing publicity work. He has lately developed for his employers a college annual department, of which he is manager, and he also edits the house organs of the firm.

**I. Burt Richardson** (Texas) was discharged from the army with the rank of First Lieutenant of Infantry. He has since married and entered the oil business in Dallas.

**Charles W. Hestwood** (Kansas State) is city editor of The Manhattan Daily Mercury.

**Glenn H. Campbell** (Iowa State '15), recently associate editor of The New England Farmer, is now head of the journalism department of Penn State College. He has been connected with the Connecticut Agricultural College at Storrs.

**Harry Hilliary** (Iowa State '16), instructor in heavy artillery at Sammur, France, is now in the advertising department of the Fairbanks, Morse Scale Co., St. Louis.

**Ellis J. Foster** (Oklahoma '18) is an advertising solicitor on the staff of The Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City.

**Laurence H. Sloan** (DePauw), second national president of Sigma Delta Chi, has left the staff of The New York American and is now with the National City Bank. He edits a "sedate little magazine" that goes to the 3,000 members of the bank's family and to several thousand other banks and customers. He is preparing a course in business English, to be given to such of the staff as desire it, next year. **Joe Billingsley** (DePauw) is also with the National City Bank.

**Karl Mann** (Wisconsin) is selling advertising for Fire and Water Engineering, a New York trade publication.

**L. W. Foote** (Reserve '18) is secretary of the Federal Screen Co., Inc., of Cleveland. He was overseas with the 75th Heavy Artillery.

**Erle F. Ross** (Purdue '17) has joined the staff of The Iron Trade Review, published at Cleveland. His work is connected largely with the engineering end of the publication, with which he had expected to be associated two years ago, the war preventing. He entered the first Officers' Training Camp, spent a year at Camp Shelby, Miss., and went to France too late to get into action. He was released from service at Fort Harrison, Ind., January 23, with the rank of a second lieutenant. He was in the 137th Field Artillery.

**Francis W. Wozencraft**, charter member of Texas chapter, has been elected mayor of Dallas, Texas. He is but

26 years old, and is the youngest man ever to have occupied the position. He left a law practice he had pursued for three years, and served as a captain in the 36th Division, in France. The younger and more progressive elements of Dallas supported him for election.

**David Dietz** (Reserve '19) left college when the S. A. T. C. was disbanded, and joined the editorial staff of The Cleveland Press. February 14, he married Miss Dorothy Cohen, of the College for Women. They reside at 811 E. 88th St., Cleveland.

**Lyman L. Bryson** (Michigan), formerly instructor in journalism at the University of Michigan, sailed April 9 for Europe. He will tour England, France, Italy, the Balkan countries and Palestine as a representative of The Red Cross Magazine and other publications.

**Ralph D. Kern** (Reserve '17) left college to enter the aviation service. He was commissioned, but did not get out of the country. He is now married and living in Galveston, Tex.

**Julien Elfenbein** (Texas) was recently released from the Intelligence Service of the Army, and is again with The Dallas Dispatch. He expects to return to college next fall to complete his study of law.

**A. R. Weed** (Iowa State) is with the 3rd Pioneer Infantry in France, but will soon be back in this country and will resume his work on The Orange-Judd Farmer, in Chicago.

**H. Merle Woods** (Oklahoma '17) is city editor of The El Reno American, El Reno, Okla. He was commissioned second lieutenant at Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich., where he trained as an aerial observer.

**J. K. Henney** (Reserve '20) is teaching school in Toledo, Ohio, and attending night courses at Toledo University. He will return to Reserve next fall. His present address is 3329 Parkwood Drive, Toledo.

**Lewis B. Walker** (Texas) withdrew from college recently and is on the editorial staff of The Austin Statesman. He is also working on The Austin Forum, a weekly labor paper, and is assisting **W. H. Thornton** (Texas) in covering state capital news for The Dallas News.

**W. A. P. John** (Michigan) who went overseas with a Detroit hospital unit and later transferred to the balloon service with the Army artillery, is back in the States. He expects to return to the advertising department of Dodge Bros., motor car manufacturers, in Detroit.

**Arthur Boyer** (Kansas State) now resides at 3401 High St., Little Rock, Ark.

**Prof. F. W. Beckman** (Iowa State), head of the department of journalism at Iowa State College, is absent on leave, directing the publicity of the A. E. F. University in France. **Prof. H. R. O'Brien** (Iowa State), acting head of the department in Prof. Beckman's absence, will leave Ames in June to join the staff of The Country Gentleman, for which he has been a consistent contributor.

**Eugene D. McMahon** (Oklahoma '15) is in newspaper work at Ranger, Tex. He was in the air service at Ellington Field, Houston, Tex., winning a second lieutenant's commission as a bombing observer.

**Howard W. Younkin** (Iowa), recently discharged from the Marines, has returned to his home to take over the control of The Lone Tree (Iowa) Reporter.

His father, long the publisher, is retiring.

**James L. Devlin** (Michigan '13) has returned to The Detroit News editorial staff after an absence of nine months spent in the army. Although in charge of the marine beat, he was recently "loaned" by The News to the Detroit Safety-First Council, for whom he directed a publicity campaign. Devlin trained in southern camps, and then went to England, where he served three and a half months in the Intelligence Department of the Army. He was given his discharge at New Orleans, his home city, January 28.

**Roger Steffan** (Ohio), formerly National President of Sigma Delta Chi, recently left the staff of The Associated Press, at Washington, and returned to Columbus, O. He is associated with the Ohio Institute for Public Efficiency, whose purpose it is to stimulate progressive legislation. Steffan is handling the publicity of the Institute. He was formerly editor and co-publisher of The Durham (N. C.) Sun and city editor of The Cincinnati Post.

**W. Earl Hall** (Iowa) has joined the staff of The Milwaukee Journal. He has, since his graduation, been assisting in the editing of University of Iowa publications.

**Prof. Willard G. Bleyer** (Wisconsin honorary) has completed a text on newspaper feature writing, soon to be published. It is the first extended treatment of this interesting type of story.

**Ralph H. Turner** (Missouri), has resigned the city editorship of the Bartlesville (Okla.) Examiner and joined the staff of The New York Evening Post. Turner spent some time in Tokyo, on the staff of The Japan Advertiser, and incidentally corresponded for the United Press.

**Verne Burnett** (Michigan), who recently returned from France where he served latterly on The Stars and Stripes, resigned from the copy desk of The Detroit News to become editor of The National Gleaner Magazine, The Michigan Business Farmer and projected allied publications. After graduating from college Burnett was for a short time on the copy desk of The Detroit Free Press, but left to become assistant managing editor of The American Boy. The Gleaner publication offices are in Detroit and the printing plant is in Mt. Clemens.

**Loomis Leedy** (Knox), recently discharged from the Navy, is with the Big "4" Oil Co., at Kasper, Wyo.

**T. Harwood Young**, one of the founders of Knox chapter, is city editor of The Clinton (Ill.) Journal.

**Harry C. Hahn** (Reserve '18), who was in the Aviation Section of the Army but did not get abroad, is advertising manager of The Home Specialty Co., of Cleveland, manufacturers of the Laundryette washing machine.

**Earl Christmas** (Oklahoma '13), who was a seaman on board the U. S. S. Chattanooga, is now writing editorials on the Pioneer Press, at St. Paul, Minn.

**Millard Wear** (Kansas) is working on The Journal-World at Lawrence, Kansas, after having been discharged from West Point.

**Lawson May** (Kansas) is taking a vacation from school and is working on The Hutchinson (Kan.) News. He expects to return to the University of Kansas next fall.

**Seward Sheldon** (Oklahoma '15), whose spectacular rise to a majority in

the Field Artillery was noted in The Quill, is now city editor of The Oklahoma News at Oklahoma City.

John M. Gleissner (Kansas), formerly of The Cleveland Press, and the Associated Press at Washington, D. C., is an instructor in the department of industrial journalism at Kansas State Agricultural College.

Alfred G. Hill (Kansas) is on The Topeka Daily Capital. He covered the Senate in the Kansas state legislature and does some desk work.

Percy Stone (Montana '16), who was commissioned a lieutenant in the Aviation Service, is now publicity agent for the War Camp Community Service, New York City.

George Stone (Montana) is now head rewrite man for The Chicago Post.

C. F. G. Wernicke (Wisconsin '13) is assistant secretary of the Haskellite Manufacturing Corporation, with offices at 821 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Chicago. While in training at Fort Sheridan in 1917 he was hurt and discharged. He went into airplane work with the Haskellite company, and has no present desire to shift his base, though he intends to continue writing for System and other publications of a similar nature. He is the only member of the fraternity who ever called upon the editor for the express purpose of renewing his subscription to The Quill.

William P. Green (Denver) shifted his base to New York along with other officers of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, recently. His office is at 110 West 40th Street, and his title, Organization Secretary, National Vigilance Committee, A. A. C. W. He has romped all over the country of late smashing away in behalf of the Truth-in-Advertising movement and putting terror into the hearts of crooks.

Carl H. Getz (Washington), lately with the Methodist Centenary Campaign publicity committee, is now managing the Lowell Thomas Travelogues. Thomas was the hero in the Carleton Hudson Betts Scoop story which Getz ran in The Quill when he was editing it, and is a member of Denver chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. He left an instructorship in oratory at Princeton to go to Europe, for lecture material. In Berlin he got in the way of a Spartacide bullet, as noted in the last Quill, which does not detract from his value as one to be seen and heard. His lectures are being given under the auspices of big newspapers. He will go abroad again this summer for more material.

Walter K. Towers (Michigan) is back from France. He spent the better part of a year with the Y. M. C. A. overseas publicity bureau in Paris, most of the time as its director.

Herbert C. Garrison (Michigan) who was discharged from the Navy March 15, is living at 177 Whitney Ave., Detroit. He attained the rank of ensign, and was in command of Camp Logan, Illinois.

Russell F. Rogers (Iowa State) has for the past year been associate editor of The Evening Times, at Ames, Iowa. He was formerly with The Sioux City Journal and The Ottumwa Courier, and while in college was a correspondent for Des Moines and Sioux City newspapers.

Colin V. Dymont (Oregon honorary), director of the School of Journalism at the University of Washington, has returned from Europe where he spent the better part of a year as a lieutenant in the Red Cross on what a Western newspaper men's magazine terms "one of the biggest bits of reporting ever undertaken by a newspaper man,"—gathering details of the death of men of the 91st

(Wild West) Division. The history of this division Dymont declares is epic in character. Cyril Arthur Player (Washington honorary) wrote for Sunset the colorful and dramatic story of the training of the motley men from plains, mountain, mine and forest trail at American Lake, Washington; now Dymont is telling how gloriously they fought and died in France. He syndicated a series of articles for Northwestern newspapers telling how these inheritors of the blood and spirit of the frontiersmen fell. He has resumed only a part of his academic burdens, pending the completion of his historical records.

Franklin S. Allen (Oregon), for the past year manager of the Pacific Railways Advertising Co., of Portland, has joined the advertising staff of The Los Angeles Examiner.

Lair H. Gregory (Washington), who spent four months in the Navy at the Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., is again handling the automobile section of The Portland Oregonian. Ora P. Willis (Washington), who substituted for him, is now assistant city editor.

William A. Dill (Oregon honorary), formerly of The Eugene Morning Register and The Portland Oregonian, is a member of the faculty of the University of Kansas. For good measure he works a double trick week-ends in the office of the Associated Press at Kansas City, which is forty miles from the university.

Sherman Mitchell (Washington '19), former editor of The University of Washington Daily and ranking officer in the R. O. T. C., is city editor of The East Oregonian at Pendleton, Ore. He has held reportorial positions on The Astoria Budget, The Anchorage (Alaska) Daily Times, and The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Fendel Sutherlin Waite (Oregon), a charter member of his chapter, who has been in service in the Army near Bordeaux, France, was one of the soldiers chosen to study in foreign universities. He is now enrolled at the University of Edinburgh.

Harold Say (Oregon ex-'19), who reached the States January 29 after eleven months in France with the old Oregon National Guard outfit, is city editor of The Eugene (Ore.) Guard. Say was married before he went abroad, and found a daughter awaiting him when he got home. His predecessor was Maurice H. Hyde, now news editor of The Guard, who was assistant director of the O. C. A. band stationed at Fort Stevens. He had been editor of The LaGrande Observer and copy reader on The Portland Oregonian before entering the Army. He was discharged in December, and went immediately to The Guard.

Ray McClung (Washington), formerly editor and co-publisher of The Pomeroy East Washingtonian, was until recently connected with the War Labor Board. He has returned to Pomeroy. For a time he was with the Committee on Public Information at Washington.

Russell R. Palmer (Wisconsin ex-'19), who served the French government in a chemical department of the army during the latter part of the war, is now on the staff of The Chicago Tribune. He was university editor of The Daily Cardinal at Wisconsin, in 1916. He was recently married in Chicago.

Max Goodsill (Knox), editor of The Galesburg Evening Mail and instructor in journalism at Knox College, has gone to Helena, Mont., to be secretary of the Helena Commercial Club. Lyman H. Thompson, '17, like Goodsill a charter member of the chapter, and its first president, has succeeded to both jobs. Thompson was recently discharged from

the army after seeing eighteen months of service, and attaining the rank of first lieutenant.

Blair Converse (Wisconsin M. A. '18) has returned from service as quartermaster sergeant at Camp Hancock, Ga., and is now reading copy on The Milwaukee Journal.

Edward Swanson (Washington), who was recently discharged from the Spruce Section of the Signal Corps, is doing courts and features for The Tacoma Ledger.

Louis H. Seagrave (Washington), who attained the rank of major before his discharge from the army, is to be one of the authors of the War History of Seattle, a book that will run from 800 to 1,000 pages and contain the record of thousands of men the city gave to the colors.

Paul Cranefield (Wisconsin ex-'18) is on the business staff of The Janesville Gazette.

Earl W. Murphy (Oregon) is back on the editorial staff of The Portland Telegram, after thirteen months in the Naval Intelligence Office of the 13th Naval District. He is doing general assignments.

William A. Simonds (Washington), formerly automobile editor of The Seattle Daily Times, is now managing editor of The Pacific Northwest Motorist, official publication of the Auto Club of Western Washington and the State Good Roads Association, and director of advertising for several large distributors of motor cars. He is also correspondent for a number of motor publications.

Rex B. Magee (Missouri), formerly with The Merchants Trade Journal, Des Moines, Iowa, is now with The New Orleans States.

Stacy V. Jones, of The Detroit News; Ernest Knight, of The Tacoma Tribune, and Phil O'Neil, of The Seattle Post-Intelligencer, all alumni of Washington chapter now overseas, were guests of the Government on the special train which recently took newspaper men in service through France and the occupied zone of Germany. They visited principal ports of embarkation and debarkation, all the important sectors of the war-worn frontier, and got as far as Coblenz in Germany. They were offered every facility for gathering and preserving information, and were permitted to send stories home for publication.

Norman J. Radder (Wisconsin '17) has resigned his position as instructor in journalism in the University of Arkansas to become assistant professor of journalism in the University of Minnesota. He started work at Minnesota in April. Mr. Radder was the first to offer courses in journalism at the University of Arkansas. He built up the courses from one class with 14 students to three classes with a total enrollment of 25. While in Arkansas he started a series of articles about the state for The Country Gentleman.

## Books Journalists Ought to Know

(Continued from page 8)

the answer to the clamor of the unfairly oppressed for simple justice.

If, incidentally, the reader lacks the faith of the author in the efficacy of a divine purpose in the process of re-ordering society, that is of no moment. Whoever sits down to read this book will arise the better for it.

### Founders of Fraternity Send Their Greetings

FROM TWO of the founders of Sigma Delta Chi, men who, admittedly builded better than they knew, come messages to their co-workers to be voiced in the anniversary number of The Quill. Both are known to the readers of the magazine through their contributions to its columns. Milton Hedges is professor of English at Beloit College and literary editor of The American Magazine of Poetry. W. M. Glenn was the first president of the fraternity, and is the editor of The Orlando Morning Sentinel, of Orlando, Fla. They graduated from DePauw in 1910.

By M. H. Hedges

Bear my greetings on this tenth anniversary of the fraternity to the men of all chapters, and tell them that I believe that we have a true fraternity because we have a great cause.

May I be allowed, too, to represent to them the view of an outsider of the great field of journalism. Suppose we let the plain man express his opinion of newspapers. It seems to me he would say:

"I am learning what influence the newspaper is in my life. When I arise with a clear mind in the morning the first facts and ideas which drop into my consciousness are from the newspaper; when I go down town on the car the newspaper speaks to me; when I come home weary at night, with relaxed mind, the newspaper follows me to my study to shape my thought when I am the least able to resist it. If this be true; if the newspaper is my university, then, from it I want the truth. Now your text books speak often of accuracy of fact. Truth is something more than accuracy of fact; truth is facts in their right relations; truth is facts seen from the highest point of view—from the social point of view. And it is this—this difficult thing—I demand."

The getting, the expressing, the disseminating of this difficult thing is the daily business of the journalist in a society so complex that it often distorts involuntarily. So difficult this task is that it seems to me, for this generation of journalists, it forms the great adventure.

By W. M. Glenn

It seems truly wonderful that ten years have come and gone and we are celebrating the birthday of a real honorary journalistic fraternity which had its cradle rocked by ardent embryo journalists in DePauw University a full decade ago.

The dawn was full of hope and promise, and little did the founders of Sigma Delta Chi realize what the years would bring forth: Live chapters in twenty-eight American universities; a recognized national standing; a magazine to chronicle the events of the years; and best of all a real source of inspiration for the fellows who are in the field to make a name for themselves.

Let us unite ourselves by closer bonds so that the coming years may shed additional honor and lustre upon the achievements of Sigma Delta Chi—the fraternity which is destined to be a great power in the nation.

### Journalistic Claim Worth Staking

(Continued from Page 7)

latent possibilities? The land of the Mexican, the nigger, the mule, the mocking-bird, the cow-puncher, the colonel, the boom, and the sandstorm—what more could the heart of a writer wish? Seven hundred fifty miles by one dimension, 765 by another, the state is big enough to hide half a dozen ordinary states beneath it. It has the right to divide itself into five states if it ever so desires. Population more than 4,250,000. Area 265,896 square miles. Under cultivation, 19,596,076 acres. First in cattle raising, first in cotton production. A leader in production of wool, wheat, corn, oats and sugar cane. Second in oil production. Near the top in production of minerals. Several ocean ports. Many medium-size cities. Manufacturing rapidly increasing.

O. Henry's country has no more than just begun its pioneering. The biggest stories of the biggest state are yet to be written. As a very young man who has in the past eighteen months discovered a most precious pay-sand for ambitious journalists, let me entreat other young men to join me in the Southwest, as soldiers of that new army of empire builders, and as seekers of the untold tales of the land of cacti and of hopes.

### Teaching Soldiers To Wield the Pen

WALDO R. ARNOLD, Wisconsin ex-'18, formerly of The Milwaukee Journal, is an instructor in the College of Journalism of the American Expeditionary Forces University, Beaune, Cote d'Or, France. The college is one of eleven in the University. More than 400 students are enrolled in the journalism courses and 153 have selected it as their major. The faculty of eleven men is headed by Dr. M. M. Fogg, of the Course in Journalism of the University of Nebraska.

Prof. Frank Beckman, head of the department of journalism at Iowa State Agricultural College, is directing the publicity of the A. E. F. University.

### Three Institutions Are After Charters

VOTE on three petitions has been called for by the national secretary. Schools asking charters are the University of Pittsburgh, Oregon Agricultural College and the University of Colorado. All petitions have been approved by the Executive Council and it is expected the chapters will speedily ratify this action.

Columbia University is also framing a petition which will be presented shortly after the opening of college in the fall. Its acceptance, and the installation of the above schools, would bring Sigma Delta Chi's active chapter roll to 32.

Despite the war, the fraternity has achieved a normal year's growth. Other petitions have been presented, but rejected by the national officers. It is hoped that one or two other acceptable ones may be offered to the National Convention next fall.

### Ryder Is Prominent On Stars and Stripes

MELVIN RYDER, regimental sergeant major, long before the end of hostilities in the war, became one of the four or five enlisted men who were controlling "The Stars and Stripes," the weekly newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces. Ryder is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, Ohio Chapter. After his graduation from O. S. U. a few years before the war, he worked for newspapers and trade publications in Chicago.

Although his executive capacity on the great army newspaper in Paris was applied mostly in administration of the circulation and other business interests of the publication, he contributed considerable editorial matter, including verse for the editorial page.

Verne Burnett (Michigan) was associated with Ryder on the paper for the four months following the armistice, contributing somewhat to the editorial columns, and acting as a field agent for the circulation department in the section between Brest and St. Nazaire, with the S. O. S. forces.

### Daylight Journalism

(Continued from Page 5)

Whatever the cure no one can view the loss of public confidence in the press with complacency. A democracy presumably controlled by public opinion is rotting slowly at the heart when the naive American habitually says, "You can't believe anything anymore that you see in the papers."

I have heard it said of a certain eminent Chicago paper, "It gets its distribution from the fact that thousands read it daily in order to see what not to believe."

And yet, though one may not be complacent he need not despair. There are signs that young men are seeing in the situation the lure of great adventure. There are signs that they are interpreting the economic revolution in terms of morals. As a result a different kind of journalism will emerge.

Personal journalism, we are told, is dead; that is, the one-man newspaper. Society, which the newspaper reflects, is too complex for one mind to catch its changing and multifold meanings. No man however learned, however facile, however brilliant in mind may, uncorrected by facts, write with success.

Yet dehumanized journalism is equally dead. A newspaper the slave of the "business is business" theory, or the "survival of the fittest" theory, in the new society can not endure.

If I may venture an opinion, then, a sublimated personal journalism will appear on the ruins of the old. It will not be merely brilliant for we have brilliancy now; it will not be merely efficient for we have efficiency now; it will not be merely powerful for now we have power. It will have other virtues though, personal virtues, human virtues. It will have a sense of humor; it will have enthusiasm for ideas; it will have sympathy of heart; and yes, praise be to the God of Franklin, it will have a conscience. From the revolution, which is enveloping us, the newspaper will emerge a human instrument for humanizing men. It will represent the journalism of the open day.

# THE QUILL

A quarterly magazine, devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying journalism in American colleges and universities.

Official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity.

LEE A WHITE, Editor.

CARL H. GETZ and KENNETH HOGATE, Associate Editors

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APRIL 1919

## The Thunderers

THERE are those who lament the "spineless" editorials which are characteristic of the better newspapers of today. "Wishy-washy," "be-that-as-it-may," "however" editorials, they are also called. The resultant conclusion is that a noble race has run out; that the editorial page has passed into a decline; that news-mongering has supplanted opinion-building, to the detriment of journalism in general. But are the adjectives of these critics wholly justifiable?

In support of their contention, some are wont to cite the anecdote involving a highly paid editorial writer of none too savory associations. A hod-carrier, runs the story, was heard to remark one particularly lovely morning: "It's great to be alive a day like this." He had in him, said the journalist, the makings of a very great editorial writer. He said what everybody thought just when they were thinking it.

But if you quiz the critic of "spineless" editorials, demanding to know what writers and what papers satisfy him, you are likely to get something like this: "Well, now, there's the Gazette. I don't like its policies, but it certainly has editorials with a punch!" He may, if he is well informed, go so far as to name editors instead of papers; but more than likely he will flourish a name without any knowledge whatever of the writer except how he prefers his mint julep, and this gathered from press association news dispatches.

For such as these, the Rev. John Wesley Hill should be called forth from the pulpit and the chancellorship of Lincoln Memorial University to an editorial chair. He is a master publicist; and as a pulpiter he has something in common with most editorial writers in his willingness to approach, with agreeable spontaneity, any question under the heavens. Precedent for such a shift of bases is abundant. Even the publishers of The Denver Post and The Kansas City Post can get a preacher to pose as an editor.

Dr. Hill was tilting the other day with Bolshevism, the most popular of windmills for the Twentieth Century Quixotes. "Every Bolshevik and radical in the United States should be deported on a ship of stone, with sails of lead, the wrath of God for a gate and Hell for the nearest port," he said. Now there

spoke a man fit to carry the chalice to him who is athirst for bold utterance. Stupid? Of course! Bigoted? Quite naturally! But he has, if we may match his vulgarity, guts; and that is the great desideratum. Such a man could fill the gap left by Brand, when he debated the hereafter with an equally well-armed victim of his pen. He could well nigh make us forget the retirement of Colonel Watterson. He might even "sub" now and then for Colonel Harvey, or write pungently on Henry Ford for The Chicago Tribune.

The point is, optimism is insipid; progressivism is bloodless, unless tinged with very personal aversion to all conservatives; constructive preachments are stale and flat; an educational campaign is equalled in dullness only by a holiday, a gibbet and no felon.

Deliver us, Ye Gods of Publicity, from ennui! Loose again your vocabulary of vindictiveness! Tip your quills with poison! Melt your metal for the ears of those who listen for wisdom! Heat your irons for the eyes of those who seek the path of progress! Then give us a spectacle worth while.

## A Decade's Advance

A DECADE is not long to wait for the realization of one's dreams, especially those large dreams of youth which have, as the warp of the fabric, idealism and altruism. The half dozen lads who thought expansive thoughts, and flattered a noble profession with their seriously conceived ritual, at DePauw University, April 17, 1909, would have felt their hearts swell past endurance could they have sensed the events of the tenth anniversary of that date. In more than a score of colleges and universities other youths, filled with the same eagerness, thrilled with the same high intent, rededicated themselves to the principles of Sigma Delta Chi.

But a decade is insufficient time for even two thousand young men, zealous though they be and able, to leave a very distinct impression upon the press of a country. For such results the founders must wait yet awhile. The present measure of success is the appeal of the brotherhood's ethical concepts to an increasingly large number of novitiates in journalism; and the demonstration that such ideals know no geographical limitations. From the North Atlantic to Puget Sound, from Minnesota to Texas, there is among those who are studying and practicing journalism, a votive unity that is as potent as it is engaging; a spirit that makes the existence of twenty-eight active chapters of the fraternity something more than numerically impressive.

Now, uninvited, but none the less welcome, come with urgent argument petitioners from Columbia and Pittsburg Universities, Oregon Agricultural College and the University of Colorado, voicing their oneness with the collegians already enrolled, and asking recognition. It is an impressive climax to the ceremonial observances of Founder's Day; a good omen for the fraternity—and, may we hope, the profession.

## Putting Straw In Bricks

THE practical idealism and the purposefulness of youth characterized the third annual convention of the Iowa College Press Association, a convention that might well serve as a model for professional editors and publishers in any state in the Union.

Sixteen colleges and universities of

the state were represented by a hundred and fifty young men and women who traveled to Colfax, in the center of the state, and in defiance of woodland paths that led to willflowers, and pool and billiard tables that were free, held for two solid days to serious contemplation of journalistic problems.

By their own confession, the meetings were an inspiration to the teachers and practical newspaper men who addressed them, and they included W. H. Powell, editor of The Ottumwa Courier; W. E. Battinfield, of The Des Moines News; Lee A. White of The Detroit News; Charles H. J. Mitchell, editor of The Storm Lake Pilot-Tribune and president of the Iowa State Press Association; Harry R. O'Brien of the faculty of Iowa State College; D. D. Griffith of the faculty of Grinnell College, and Frank Thayer, of the faculty of the University of Iowa. The delegates asked for nothing lighter on their program than Stephen Leacock's scintillating playlet, "The First Newspaper," produced (and for the first time) by the State College Dramatic Club; and a concert by the Coe College Women's Glee Club.

It is a matter of pride that the organization was fostered by chapters of Sigma Delta Chi in Iowa, and that at this convention F. M. Russell (Iowa State) was elected president; Ralph Overholzer (Iowa), vice president, and Prof. D. D. Griffith (Grinnell), a director.

The slogan of the association is "For a stronger union among Iowa college newspapers." It is rather a poor slogan; for the goal is already reached.

## A White Elephant

"NEVER print a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement; no sailing under false colors." Thus spoke Charles A. Dana, addressing the Wisconsin Editorial Association, in Milwaukee, in 1888, when asked to outline the principles which should govern a young man pursuing the profession of journalism.

More than two decades after Dana stated this eminently proper rule of conduct the United States Government was forced to write it into the statutes—an indication of the reluctance of newspaper business offices to yield to a high principle. This law requires that reading matter, run in the guise of news but paid for, shall be labeled "advertisement."

A newspaper of exceptionally good repute recently ventured to establish two rates on theatrical advertising, one for straight display ads and another—and of course higher—for copy accompanied by "free" reading matter. This paper differs only from its contemporaries in that it endeavored to rid itself of that "news" matter, particularly common to automobile and theatrical worlds, which is run unlabeled in defiance of the law.

There have been abundant signs that newspaper publishers deeply regret permitting this practice to develop, but many feel there is no escape. There is, of course, the route of courageous determination. Certainly the man who sells space makes a sad confession when he says he cannot sell his advertising columns on their merits. It might not be a bad plan to persuade the theater manager that advertising pays, and to persuade the public to look in the theater's ads for the press agent's views of the comeliness of his chorus. Meantime Uncle Sam continues to wear a patch over one eye.

# News of the Chapters

## DePauw

Members of DePauw chapter are encouraging the formation of a journalistic sorority on the campus.

Four pledges have been initiated, Donald Maxwell, Raymond Smith, William Hutcheson and Edward Donan. Maxwell is editor of The Daily; Smith is sporting editor, and Donan is on the business staff. Hutcheson is also active in journalistic endeavors.

Due to the "sudden departure" of several members from college, the chapter found it impossible to continue publication of the annual "Yellow Crab."

## Kansas

Kansas chapter opened the third quarter of the school year with eight members, five old ones and three recently initiated.

All members have been prominent in journalistic and other campus activities, Fred Rigby, president of the chapter, is managing the advertising of the Rigby Publishing Co., of Topeka, along with his school duties. Herman Hangen, vice-president, is circulation manager of The Daily Kansan and president of the senior class. Luther Hangen, secretary-treasurer, has passed through terms as news editor and editor-in-chief of The Daily Kansan, is president of the Associated Journalism Students, and editor-elect of The 1920 Jayhawker, the college annual. Floyd Hockenhull has been associate editor and editor-in-chief of The Daily Kansan. Charles Slawson is associate editor of the Kansan, and previous to this month was sports editor.

The three newly initiated members are also workers. Harold Hall is editor-in-chief of The Kansan, and was previously associate editor. Edgar Hollis is business manager-elect of The 1920 Jayhawker and sports correspondent of The Kansas City Star. Marvin Harms is editor of The 1919 Jayhawker and active on The Kansan staff.

The chapter announces the pledging of Ferdinand Gottlieb, a sophomore, an active member of The Daily Kansan staff.

The chapter commemorated the tenth anniversary of the fraternity with a banquet. Guests of honor were Prof. N. A. Crawford, head of the department of journalism at Kansas State Agricultural College; Lee A. White, editor of The Quill, and Darald Hartley, of The Kansas City Star, an alumnus of the chapter. Prof. Crawford pleaded, in his toast, for the imparting of the complete, unbiased truth to the people through the press, declaring that any other practice indicated a lack of confidence in the people, and that such a lack of confidence was a negation of the foundation principles of democracy. Mr. White, who spent the day lecturing at the university, argued for the development, gradual but definite, of a code of ethics, which he said Sigma Delta Chi was peculiarly fitted to encourage. He insisted that there was no considerable set of principles by which newspapermen unanimously and courageously abided. Prof. D. L. Patterson, assistant dean of the college and a former Pittsburg newspaperman, contended for the organization of journalists in support of principle and for the advancement of their economic interests.

Sigma Delta Chi is represented in the journalism faculty by Prof. L. N.

Flint, director of the department; S. O. Rice, a veteran of St. Louis and Kansas City newspaper offices and more recently of the staff of The Country Gentleman; and W. A. Dill (Oregon honorary), who came to Kansas from The Portland Oregonian. Prof. Dill spends each week end on the desk of the Associated Press in Kansas City.

## Michigan

Michigan chapter initiated six men April 25. They were Kendrick Kimball, '20; Herbert R. Slusser, '20; Vincent H. Riorden, '20; Mark K. Ehlbert, '20; Howard Weeks, '21, and Paul A. Shinkman, '20. Kimball has been conducting the Guillotine column of The Daily, one of the best funny columns it has ever had. Weeks is on The Gargoyle staff. The other men are all connected with The Daily.

After the initiation, a banquet was held at the Union. Malcolm W. Bin-

gay (Michigan honorary), managing editor of The Detroit News, and Cyril Arthur Player (Washington honorary), special writer on The News, were the principal speakers. The banquet was one of the most successful ever held by the chapter, many Detroit alumni coming out to attend.

H. C. L. Jackson, '19, returned to school for the second semester, but has left again to become a member of the staff of The Detroit Azuwer, a paper published weekly by and for the soldiers in Base Hospital No. 36. Jackson was city editor of The Daily.

Four men who had been in service have returned. Garey is news editor of The Daily; Millar is now city editor, taking Jackson's place; Marx is associate editor, and Hart is on the sport staff.

Herbert G. Wilson, '18, returned from service in the Navy three months ago, and is now on The Jackson News. Bruce Swaney, '18, has returned from over seas.

The chapter now numbers nineteen active members, and is making plans for weekly meetings, at which some phase of journalism will be discussed. Different members of the faculty will be invited to give talks, and members of The Daily staff are expected to read papers. In this way the chapter hopes to accomplish something constructive for its members.

## Denver

The opening of the university last fall found every active member of Denver chapter in the service; not until the second quarter was there a member on the campus. Daniel K. Wolfe, Lorenzo Linville, William Schaezel and Frank H. H. Roberts returned from the service and reorganized the chapter. Everett Trout, '20. Dewey Ingram, '20, and Edward King, '19, were initiated April 17 as a part of the observance of the tenth anniversary of Sigma Delta Chi. Ingram is editor-in-chief of The Kynewisbok, the annual publication of the Junior Class, and one of the best contributors to The Denver Clarion, King and Trout have been consistent writers for the college publications.

Acting upon a petition signed by a large number of the students, the university has again installed a department of journalism under the direction of Arthur Chapman, managing editor of The Denver Times. The students are writing for The Times as well as for the college paper, and next year there will be plenty of excellent material for Sigma Delta Chi.

## Washington

Doffing of khaki and return of transports has resulted in the assemblage of seven Sigma Delta Chis of Washington chapter. Notable among those returned is Lieut. Curtis Shoemaker of the senior class, veteran of one year overseas. He is back at a Daily editorial desk, and glad of it.

Frank Davies, an initiate of the mid-winter, is editor-in-chief of The Daily. Roy Rosenthal, who "went through" with him, writes editorials for The Daily, writes everything in the university district newspaper, and is mixed up in campus activities from vaudeville to politics. He is president of Sigma Delta Chi this term, and he will be graduated in June. Curtis Shoemaker is vice-president.

## Directory of Sigma Delta Chi Officers

**National President:** Robert C. Lowry, 515 Slaughter Bldg., Dallas, Tex.  
**National Vice-President:** Lieut. Frank E. Mason, 395 Park Place, Milwaukee, Wis.  
**National Secretary:** Kenneth Hogate, The Detroit News, Detroit.  
**National Treasurer:** F. M. Church, Cadillac News, Cadillac, Mich.  
**Editor The Quill:** Lee A. White, 903 Virginia Park, Detroit.  
**Past National Presidents:** William M. Glenn, The Morning Sentinel, Orlando, Fla.; Laurence Sloan, 552 Riverside Drive, New York; S. H. Lewis, The Lynden Tribune, Lynden, Wash.; Roger Steffan, Columbus, O.

### CHAPTER SECRETARIES.

**DePauw:** Raymond E. Smith, Phi Delta Theta House, Greencastle, Ind.  
**Kansas:** Luther H. Hangen, 1541 Tennessee St., Lawrence, Kan.  
**Michigan:** Herbert Slusser, 802 South University Ave., Ann Arbor.  
**Denver:** Frank H. H. Roberts, 2284 So. Josephine St., Denver, Colo.  
**Washington:** Byron Christian, U. of W. Daily, University of Washington, Seattle.  
**Purdue:** R. S. Bundy, 41 N. Salisbury St., West Lafayette, Ind.  
**Ohio:** Estle D. Leonard, Ohio State Lantern, Columbus, Ohio.  
**Wisconsin:** Bertram G. Zilmer, 1124 Johnson St., Madison, Wis.  
**Iowa:** Ralph E. Overholser, Phi Kappa Psi House, Iowa City.  
**Illinois:** Harold J. Orr, 410 E. Green St., Champaign.  
**Missouri:** Lee Comegys, 1004 University Ave., Columbia, Mo.  
**Texas:** Edward Walker, Box S, University Station Austin, Tex.  
**Oregon:** Alexander G. Brown, Friendly Hall, Eugene, Ore.  
**Oklahoma:** H. H. Herbert, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.  
**Indiana:** Willis Richardson, Lambda Chi House, Bloomington.  
**Nebraska:** Herman H. Thomas, 345 N. 14th St., Lincoln, Neb.  
**Iowa State:** Z. R. Mills, Iowa State Student, Station A., Ames, Iowa.  
**Stanford:** Harold Swendsen, Leland Stanford University, Cal.  
**Montana:** George Scherck, State University, Missoula, Mont.  
**Louisiana:** C. A. Provost, Baton Rouge, La.  
**Kansas State:** Carl P. Miller, 1000 Vattier St., Manhattan, Kas.  
**Maine:** (Vacant.)  
**Beloit:** Carl Kessler, 1125 Chapin St., Beloit, Wis.  
**Minnesota:** Eugene C. Glasgow, 1018 Fourth St., Minneapolis.  
**Miami:** Alvin C. Zurcher, Oxford, O.  
**Knox:** Edmond B. Stoff, 630 N. Broad St., Galesburg, Ill.  
**Western Reserve:** Ralph W. Bell, 10940 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.  
**Grinnell:** Maynard B. Barnes, Bldg. 2, Men's Quad, Grinnell, Iowa.  
**Detroit Alumni:** James Devlin, Detroit News, Detroit.  
**Seattle Alumni:** Will Simonds, The Pacific Northwest Motorist, Seattle.

Byron Christian, associate editor of The Daily and chapter secretary, will be editor-in-chief of the paper next year. He was unopposed at the spring election.

Rox Reynolds, who migrated over the mountains from Montana chapter, has affiliated, and is imposing a "colyum" once each day on the subscribers of The Daily.

At the banquet commemorating the tenth anniversary of the fraternity's birth, held April 17, "old grads" assembled and wished luck to two new members, Gerald Bath, managing editor, and Gilbert Foster, sport editor of The Daily. The initiates produced a two-color imitation of the yellow Denver Post as an initiation stunt.

H. Sherman Mitchell graduated at the end of the winter quarter, and is now city editor of The Pendleton (Ore.) East Oregonian. Maize B. Mitchell answered a cry of distress from the bed-ridden editor of The Montesano Vidette, and took charge of the paper for a few weeks.

The return of Prof. Colin V. Dymont from service overseas with the Red Cross has been a stimulus to the chapter. Prof. Dymont is director of the school of journalism.

During the "County Fair" the chapter issued a pseudo-scandal sheet.

#### Purdue

All active members of Purdue chapter have returned to college except E. M. Wolf, who is at home in Laporte, Ind. D. H. Beisel and W. E. Leer were initiated in March, and a half dozen more men will be taken in before college closes. Beisel is acting advertising manager of The Exponent, and Leer is editor-in-chief of The Agriculturist.

T. J. Morton, '20, has been elected to edit The Engineering Review next year. This publication was suspended during 1918-19. The Exponent is in nearly normal condition, and The Exponent is booming.

#### Ohio State

Five men were inducted into Sigma Delta Chi by the Ohio State Chapter, April 8. One of the chapter's monthly journalism dinners given by the chapter was held in their honor and in celebration of Sigma Delta Chi's tenth birthday. Calvin C. Lyon, war correspondent of The Columbus Citizen, Professors Joseph S. Myers and Osman C. Hooper, of the department of journalism, and William L. Graves of the department of English, honorary members, gave toasts, in addition to those of the undergraduates.

The feature of the program was Mr. Lyon's account of his experiences in Germany. He entered Germany through Metz soon after the armistice was signed, in company with Herbert Corey, special writer of The Cincinnati Times-Star, and two other newspaper men. They found the revolutionists in control. Through the aid of these revolutionists, many of whom are Germans who spent some time in England or America, they managed to obtain automobiles to carry them to "Old Hindy" himself.

Hindenburg was gracious enough, with some persuasion, to call Berlin over his private wire and obtain hotel rooms for the newspaper men. However, they were arrested in Berlin by order of General Pershing and brought back to American headquarters on a special train.

Besides the talk by Mr. Lyon, a stunt, called "The Editor-in-Chief's Dream," was given by the chapter in conjunction with Theta Sigma Phi.

The initiates were: Thomas B. Meek, editor of The Makio and assistant news

editor of The Lantern; Oliver S. Matheny, circulation manager of The Lantern; Wilbert J. Bach, sporting editor of The Lantern; Herbert Byer, assistant news editor of The Lantern and member of The Sun Dial staff; Charles S. Nelson, assistant news editor and "columnist" on The Lantern. All of the new men are in direct line for responsible jobs in Ohio State journalism next year."

#### Wisconsin

Initiation of six men, January 26, and the return of three from service has swelled Wisconsin's wartime roster of one to ten, and the chapter is on its old footing. Owen L. Scott, the only active member in college before the initiation, had to call in eight alumni to aid in the ceremony, and an honorary member, Professor W. G. Bleyer, to subdue the neophytes intellectually.

The returned men are William E. Dripps, '19, who had an ensign's commission and was stationed at New York; Lawrence Meyer, who went into service at Great Lakes, Ill., and John R. Ramsey, '18, managing editor of The Daily Cardinal in 1916-17, who tormented the Germans from the air.

The initiates, to whose number additions will yet be made this spring, were: Edward L. Dauss, former managing editor of The Daily Cardinal; Joseph R. Farrington, member of The Cardinal Board of Control; Bernard E. Meyers, of the editorial staff of The Capital Times; Lincoln A. Quarberg, editor of The 1920 Badger; John L. Klug, former member of The Madison Democrat editorial staff, and Bertram G. Zilmer, athletic editor of The Daily Cardinal. The officers are: Scott, president; Deuss, vice-president, and Zilmer, secretary.

The chapter held a reunion in observance of the tenth anniversary of the fraternity.

The chapter gave a banquet to Lee A. White, editor of The Quill and fraternity historian, Feb. 25. Mr. White was the guest of Professor Bleyer, and talked before several classes in journalism.

The chapter has started a campaign to put The Daily Cardinal, the student publication, in a home of its own. The paper is now printed in the plant of one of the Madison dailies. The project calls for complete equipment of a newspaper plant in one of the University buildings, where The Cardinal may have the co-operation of the Department of Journalism. Former members of the staff of The Cardinal, now in its twenty-seventh year, are being solicited for contributions to the necessary \$5,000 fund. If the drive is successful, the plant will be in operation by next fall.

Crawford Wheeler, '16, who is with the American forces in northern Russia, writes of a Wisconsin "Mixer" held by Badger grads and old students in Archangel in February.

Robert T. Herz, '19, last year advertising manager of The Daily Cardinal, is still in France. He is in the artillery branch and is now with the army of occupation. One of "Bob's" recent gifts, sent to an old university pal, was a trio of "cooties" compressed between two blotters.

#### Iowa

Iowa chapter commemorated the tenth anniversary of Sigma Delta Chi with a banquet at the Hotel Jefferson, Iowa City, Thursday, April 17, following an initiation. Grinnell College and Iowa State College were invited to send rep-

resentatives to the banquet. Grinnell's entire chapter had hoped to attend, but permission was refused by the faculty, and a dinner was held at home instead. J. R. VanHouten traveled half way across the state to represent Iowa State chapter.

Lee A. White, editor of The Quill, was also a guest of the chapter's guest of honor, and also participated in the initiation of neophytes. His attendance was made possible through Frank Thayer's invitation to him to spend two days lecturing to classes in journalism, and to the public. In his toast at the banquet he dwelt upon the fraternity's lifelong and single concern, the ethics of the profession of journalism, and incidentally voiced again his ambition to have the brotherhood abolish secrecy.

J. M. VanHouten (Iowa State) responded to a toast on "Journalism of Tomorrow"; Frank Thayer (Wisconsin) spoke on "Journalism and Sigma Delta Chi"; Leon H. Brigham told of "Ideals of the Neophytes," and W. Earl Hall, former president of the Iowa College Press Association and former editor of The Daily Iowan, spoke on "The Challenge of Sigma Delta Chi." Informal talks were given by E. E. Johnston, publisher of the Iowa City Daily Citizen, and S. E. Carroll, publisher of the Iowa City Daily Press.

Both Mr. Johnston and Mr. Carroll were elected to honorary membership in the fraternity some time ago and Mr. Johnston was initiated with the other candidates at the ceremony at the Phi Kappa Psi house in the afternoon. Mr. Carroll will be initiated at a later time. The other initiates were: Charles V. Brown, Leon H. Brigham, Earl Culver, Edward Chamberlin, Irl L. Marshall, Kenneth C. Noble, Arthur Walling and Earl Wells.

Only five old members of the chapter returned from the war: Keith Hamill, Alan Nichols, W. Earl Hall, Roy Rader and Ralph E. Overholzer. Hall, a graduate, left the campus recently to join the staff of The Milwaukee Journal, and Hamill and Rader will graduate in June.

Overholzer was elected to the vice presidency of the Iowa College Press Association at its third annual convention at Colfax, Iowa, April 12.

Conger Reynolds, who preceded Frank Thayer as director of courses in journalism, is back from France and will return to the faculty in the fall.

#### Missouri

Founders' Day was observed by the Missouri chapter April 17.

Ground has been turned for the \$50,000 journalism building, which will be completed by January 1, 1920.

Courtney Lee Comegys has been elected secretary and the following men initiated: Pemberton Blattner, E. R. Childers, J. Ralph Gravely, William Resor, Willard Ridings, Courtney Lee Comegys, Robert S. Herrick, Frank H. Hodges and Henry J. Schott, honorary.

#### Texas

Texas chapter attended in a body the lecture of Isaac Marcossou, traveler, lecturer and magazine writer, March 15; gave a banquet April 11 at the Cactus Tea Room in honor of Mortimer Judd Lewis, a noted writer on The Houston Post; and dined again April 17 in observance of the fraternity's birthday. To the anniversary dinner came a number of honorary and alumni members and visiting members of the fraternity.

J. Turner Garner, managing editor of The Texan, acted as editor-in-chief while F. Edward Walker was away with the

Glee Club. He is a candidate for the editorship for 1919-20.

I. H. Crutcher has won distinction on the campus for his poetry printed in The Texan, and has been editing the "Grind" section of The 1919 Cactus. He will try for the editorship of The 1920 Cactus.

The Longhorn Magazine, literary monthly, has been suspended for the rest of the year, due to the heavy financial loss incurred. The chapter is considering establishing a comic monthly which it is believed will be popular and successful. Two numbers were planned for this spring.

Lynn Landrum, a first lieutenant when discharged from service, is managing editor of The Alcalde, monthly publication of the Ex-Students of the University. The publication will soon become a weekly. Landrum was a Texan editor.

#### Oregon

Oregon chapter has initiated M. H. Ellsworth and Harry A. Smith. The chapter is expecting a number of the men who left to enter the service to return in the fall. There is a great deal of material in the freshman class which will be drawn on the last of next year.

#### Oklahoma

Recapitulation of Oklahoma chapter's war record shows that of fifty-one members thirty-eight, or practically 75 per cent, were engaged in military or naval service. Twelve men were in overseas service; one of these, Captain Meade Frierson, made the supreme sacrifice on August 29, 1918, when he was killed by a German shell. Of the thirty-eight men in service, twenty were commissioned officers. These were Major S. R. Sheldon, Captains Frierson and W. S. Campbell, First Lieutenants C. E. Rogers, H. M. Furman, A. N. Boatman, R. A. Tolbert, W. E. Goe and W. H. Campbell, and Second Lieutenants J. T. Harley, R. H. Haun, E. D. McMahon, E. E. Boylan, H. M. Woods, W. I. Nunn, Fayette Copeland, Jr., J. P. Kennedy, C. C. Taliaferro, F. H. Ward and S. E. Tracy. Nine sergeants and others of lower rank make up the remainder of the military list.

Men initiated April 16 include the leaders in undergraduate journalism on the campus. Harold B. Sanders, '19, is editor of The Oklahoma Daily, Dewey H. Neal, '21, is managing editor of The Daily, James P. Shofner, '20, is business manager of The 1919 Victory Sooner and assistant business manager of The Daily, Harold J. Godschalk, '21, is associate editor of The 1919 Sooner and editor-elect of The 1920 Sooner, W. T. Huff, '20, is assistant business manager of The 1919 Sooner, and Reedy V. Jennings, '19, is student assistant in journalism and university correspondent for The Oklahoma News of Oklahoma City.

After a period of inactivity caused by the inroads of war, the Oklahoma chapter, with four undergraduate members, tackled the most difficult task in its history when it offered its services to the Student Association for the publication of The Victory Sooner, the university yearbook which is to commemorate the part played by Oklahoma students and alumni in the war. With only three months remaining for the work, quick action was necessary. By agreement with the student council, the chapter selected editorial and business staff men from its own membership and assumed responsibility for the publication of the book. When the annual appears about May 15 it will represent not only the war accomplishments of the university but the energy and ability of Oklahoma Sigma Delta Chis as well.

Oklahoma's celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the fraternity was the chapter's most ambitious effort to bring together all the Sigma Delta Chis in the state for a reunion. On account of Easter holidays the affair was held April 16, beginning early in the day with stunts by the six pledges to be initiated that night. At noon the chapter sponsored a luncheon for all journalism students, with talks by alumni and former students now in newspaper work. After initiation at 5 o'clock, the anniversary banquet was served at a fraternity house. Speakers included men recently returned from overseas service, among whom are Major Seward R. Sheldon, lately in command of the 336th Field Artillery, Captain Walter S. Campbell of the 335th Field Artillery, Lieutenants A. N. Boatman, Raymond A. Tolbert and Ebert E. Boylan, and Sergeant Leonard M. Logan. A supplement to the Oklahoma Daily set forth information concerning the local chapter and the fraternity in general.

Two Oklahoma Sigma Delta Chis are with the army of occupation in Germany. Lieutenant Willard H. Campbell, Fifty-first Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps, is at Coblenz with the Third Army, and Sergeant James A. Brill, instructor in art at the university, is in the office of the chief surgeon, headquarters Third Army. Brill has made numerous sketches during his overseas service, which are to be added to the university art collection.

Morrison R. Toomer, formerly city editor of The Oklahoma News, Oklahoma City, who completed his course in the artillery school at Saumur, France, shortly after the signing of the armistice, has since been detailed for study in one of the British universities and at last account was in Liverpool awaiting definite assignment.

#### Indiana

The annual "Blanket-Hop" of Indiana chapter was held February 1. Although much later than usual on account of the influenza epidemic, it was a big success. Another annual affair that is popular on the campus is Resurrection Day, which is staged each year by the Sigma Delta Chi men. After this day, straw hats and white trousers can be worn.

Plans are under way for the founding of a new publication by the chapter.

April 17, the birthday of the organization, was celebrated with a stag dinner party at the Book Nook.

The active members are: Robert Rogers, Ralph Winslow, Malcolm Johnson, William Kegley, Herbert Spencer, J. Dwight Peterson, Willis Richardson, Willard Plogsterth, G. Dallas Newton, and Richard Page. The officers for the ensuing year are: Spencer, president; Johnson, vice-president; Richardson, secretary, and Peterson, treasurer.

The chapter meets every other Tuesday evening in the "Den" of the Student Building.

#### Nebraska

Eleven men make up the Nebraska chapter. They are Robert Wenger, president; Leonard Kline, vice president, Herman H. Thomas, secretary; Dwight Kirsch, Irving A. Charin, Arnold A. Wilken, Oswald Black, Gaylord Davis, Harold L. Gerhart, Gayle V. Grubb and Howard Murfin. Six of the men were initiated in January.

#### Iowa State

Iowa State Chapter celebrated the tenth birthday of Sigma Delta Chi by issuing the annual hilarious comic, The Green Gander, which has for years sold by the thousand and netted the chapter a very large sum. Contributors this

year included Barton V. Currie, editor of The Country Gentleman, who was recently elected to honorary membership at Iowa State; J. N. Darling ("Ding"), cartoonist for The Des Moines Register and The New York Tribune; and Grantland Rice, sports writer and master versifier. More serious consideration was given to the anniversary at a banquet April 15, participated in by Theta Sigma Phi and Sigma Delta Chi, jointly, as a courtesy to Lee A. White, editorial secretary of The Detroit News. Theta Sigma Phi is about a week older than Sigma Delta Chi.

New members of Iowa State chapter include, besides Mr. Currie, H. L. Berlovich, sports editor of The Iowa State Student; H. A. Bendixen and J. P. Keene, contributors to live stock papers; P. A. Potter, assistant editor of The Student, and A. M. Deyoe, Jr., business manager.

The chapter will have Professor Beckman back next year, but will have lost Professor O'Brien, as noted elsewhere in this issue.

E. S. Hurwich is out of service and back on the Student staff. Several members are still in uniform, however. R. S. Paul and W. M. Donohue, '18, now awaiting assignments as ensigns, in New York City. W. A. Cordes, '17, is with the Army of Occupation at Coblenz, Germany. R. S. Pickford, '18, is with the A. E. F. amusement circuit.

The chapter entertained about thirty farm paper editors at a banquet the evening of Cattle Feeders' Day, April 29.

#### Stanford

Three new men, Harold Swendsen, Lloyd Dinklespiel and Goodwin Knight are presented by Stanford. Gordon Davis has returned to take up his duties as president of the chapter after an absence of eighteen months in the Navy. Knight is vice president, Dinklespiel is treasurer and Swendsen, secretary.

Miller L. McClintock, who carried the chapter through the war, has left The San Francisco Bulletin and is now teaching in the English department.

#### Montana

Montana celebrated the tenth anniversary of the founding of Sigma Delta Chi with an informal luncheon, attended by all active members of the chapter and honorary members in the journalism faculty. This event also marked the resumption of pre-war activity.

Among the men who have returned to take up their work in the fraternity are Seymour Gorsline, from the Harvard Radio Unit; Joseph Townsend, Second Lieutenant, from overseas duty; and Harry P. Griffin, from the Naval Officers' Training School at Pelham Bay Park, New York.

Plans were laid for a gridiron banquet, to be given in conjunction with Theta Sigma Phi, the women's journalism fraternity, and the Press Club which takes in all those registered in journalism work. It is to be strictly a journalism affair and with the introduction of various stunts and skits.

George Scherck is managing editor of The Montana Kaimin, the student newspaper, and S. E. Gorsline is associate editor.

Almost all of our alumni who have been in the service have been returned to civil life. An exception is Clarence K. Streit, who is serving with the Intelligence Department of the A. E. F., and is on duty at the peace headquarters at Paris.

#### Louisiana

C. A. Provost, secretary, writes of the

splendid fellows he met in the Army who wore the badge of Sigma Delta Chi.

The chapter observed Founders' Day a week late.

Four new men, E. W. Schloss, H. J. Sheard, F. G. Benton and J. O. Pitchford are now on the membership rolls.

#### Kansas State

Bruce B. Brewer and Carl P. Miller, the lone returning members of Kansas State Agricultural College chapter, pledged four men: Harry Moore, '19; H. T. Enns, '21, assistant editor of The Kansas State Collegian; Ralph Hawkins, '19, and Franklin Boone, '21.

Brewer is president of the chapter and Miller secretary-treasurer.

#### Beloit

With the demobilization of the local unit of the S. A. T. C. and the return of two seniors and a junior, Beloit chapter had an active membership of six men. A meeting was held April 4 at which it was decided to hold weekly meetings the remainder of the year. Raymond Phelps, advertising manager and managing editor of The Round Table was elected to membership.

The fraternity's tenth anniversary was observed with a banquet and address from local newspapermen as well as a general booster campaign for the fraternity and its ideals. A special edition of The Round Table brought the fraternity program definitely before the entire college body.

The four junior members of the chapter have practically been issuing the college newspaper by themselves. Helble, '18, recently succeeded Kesler, '18, as editor-in-chief, with Babcock and Bushnel, the other juniors, occupying the associate desks. The chapter intends launching an active campaign for wider journalistic interest in the college proper and in the community. It will have the co-operation of Professor Hedges (De-Pauw) and Mason Dobson, city editor of the local paper, honorary member of Beloit chapter.

Emmert Wingert, '18, is president of the chapter and Carl Kesler, '18, secretary. An effort will be made to compile a complete list of Beloit alumni of the fraternity who were in service and to write the history of the chapter.

#### Minnesota

At the beginning of the college year Minnesota chapter existed only on paper. Its active members were all in service. And Prof. W. P. Kirkwood, director of courses in journalism, was forced to assume the duties of secretary ad interim. During the second quarter, however, Clyde Frudden, Burton Forster and Eugene C. Glasgow, initiates of last year, enrolled. They laid plans immediately for enlargement of the chapter, but were handicapped by the fact that The Minnesota Daily had a staff composed almost entirely of women, and there was only one beginning class in journalism. It was impossible to elect any new members at that time. The third quarter brought Howard Dykman and Gordon Bates, 1916 initiates, back to school, but Frudden cancelled his registration, leaving but four active members. The addition of Norman J. Radder (Wisconsin) to the faculty in journalism made possible the organization of three new classes which have an enrollment of 63, and from these it is expected the chapter will be able to pick suitable men.

Prof. Radder, who succeeds the late Prof. Phil Bing in the faculty, was formerly head of the department of journalism at the University of Arkansas.

At a dinner April 9 Professors Kirkwood and Radder and Jack A. Carpenter, an alumnus, were present. The chapter was invited to the "Made in Minnesota" banquet held May 1 in connection with the Editor's Short Course, arranged

by Prof. Kirkwood. The following officers were elected: President, Gordon Bates; vice-president, Howard Dykman; treasurer, Burton Forster; secretary, Eugene C. Glasgow.

#### Miami

Miami chapter, having initiated nine men in January, had a representation of twelve actives at the Founders' Day banquet which was held Thursday evening, April 17, at the Green Tree Inn.

Guests of the evening were Dr. A. H. Upham, honorary member and head of the Department of English in the university, and Elmer C. Kaesar, an alumnus of the class of '18. President Stanley McKie of the chapter acted as toastmaster and Dr. Upham and Leo Crawford, editor-in-chief of The Miami Student, responded.

It was the first time this year that the chapter had been able to get together for more than a purely business meeting and the social session was exhilarating.

#### Knox

Knox chapter beat the calendar by holding a Tenth Anniversary dinner April 12, the date of the initiation of Dr. James L. McConaughy, the new president of the college, and Claude H. Gamble, '09, editor of The Peoria Journal, into honorary membership. President McConaughy was inaugurated April 29 and 30, and the chapter handled the publicity incident to the ceremonies, sending out news to all papers in the vicinity.

The chapter now has eight undergraduate members on the campus, including Kendall G. Hinman, '19, of Galesburg, who has been initiated since the last Quill. Three of the class of 1920, Edmond Stofft, Madison Sterne and Richard Spake, and in addition Fred Gamble, Robert Midkiff and Luke McWilliams, all recently discharged from service, may be back. Corp. John Milton Baker, who was overseas five months with the Black Hawk Division, in the artillery, is already back and will graduate in June. The chapter has lost Max Goodsill, as a local adviser, but has gained Lyman Thompson, another of the founders, who has taken Goodsill's place as instructor in journalism and editor of The Evening Mail.

The chapter has made arrangements with Edgar Lee Masters, author of Spoon River Anthology, to visit Knox as its guest. It is supervising all campus publications, and intends editing a special number of The Student, the college weekly. Bi-weekly meetings are held. Each initiate, for the past two years, has been required to write into the records of the college a thesis on Knox men in the war.

#### Western Reserve

The re-organization of Western Reserve University after the S. A. T. C. had been disbanded found one Sigma Delta Chi upon the campus—Ralph W. Bell, '19, editor-in-chief and business manager of The Reserve Weekly.

Membership in the Reserve chapter has been conditional upon good work in the journalism course offered by the English department of Adelbert College, which furnishes the staff of The Weekly. This year the entire staff has had to be built from new material. Men who prove themselves worthy will be pledged to Sigma Delta Chi this spring, and initiated before the close of the college year.

J. H. Crowley, '16, returned from the service in the fall, and is studying law. For "side-activities" Crowley has the editorship of "The Paper Book" of Delta Theta Phi, national law fraternity, is associate editor of "Every Boy's Magazine," is assistant in Hatch Library of Western Reserve, and is dipping into advertising.

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